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THE SENATE'S SERVICE TO THE NATION

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

DURING the months of discussion in the Senate regarding the Covenant of the League of Nations, there has been a steady growth of the conviction that no form of super-government should be accepted by the United States. This conclusion has rested upon two grounds: first, that a subordination of the powers of Congress to any form of international control is forbidden by the nature of the Constitution; and, secondly, that, even if such subordination were allowed by the Constitution, it would be inexpedient to enter into any international partnership that would involve the surrender of our national independence.

Even the most earnest advocates and defenders of the Covenant of the League of Nations have been finally compelled to assent to the soundness of these propositions; and they have, therefore, devoted their energies chiefly to the task of trying to make it appear that the Covenant does not set up a super-government, and that the sovereignty of the members of the League is in no respect diminished by the proposed compact.

If we could accept these representations as the correct measure of the League's powers and prerogatives, we should be entitled to celebrate the virtual triumph of the idea of an "Entente of Free Nations," advocated in this REVIEW one year ago, as well as the definite defeat of the

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original intention of the Paris Conference to create a super-government. Instead of the corporate entity to be established by the "Constitution of a League of Nations," controlled by an oligarchy composed of five Great Powers claiming a right of supervision over the smaller States, and having for its purpose the enforcement of peace by the exercise of preponderant military and economic force, the League is now represented by its proponents to be merely a voluntary association of entirely independent States, incapable of taking any action except by the unanimous agreement of all the members of the Council, whose united recommendations are held to be of a merely "advisory" character.

There would be no unanswerable objection to such an Entente as the Covenant thus represented would imply, if it were only a real one; for there is no more solid ground upon which to construct an international association than a clear and definite community of purpose when freely determined. In truth, by whatever name it may be called, whether "League" or "Alliance," such an association has no value except as it is in fact an Entente and continues to be one; but, for any association to have that character, there must be a common aim in which all the participants have the same if not an equal interest in uniting.

The League proposed in the Treaty of Versailles does not possess this quality. Its aims are divergent and even conflicting. On the one hand, it claims to be a general association for insuring future peace and international friendship; on the other, a union of victorious Powers for the execution of penalties upon conquered nations and the preservation by the victors of the fruits of conquest, which they have already divided among themselves and desire to possess henceforth for their separate benefit and aggrandizement. It is difficult to understand why any nation that has remained neutral during the war should wish to enter into this retributive combination, and thereby incur the hostility of those with whom they have continued friendly, in order to aid in executing the terms of a victory which they did not help to win but whose penalties they are now asked to aid in making effective.

Such an association as this League in its double character is declared to be is, in truth, at the same time something less and something more than an Entente of Free

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Nations. It is something less, because it not only lacks the unity of purpose which an Entente must have, but it does not provide any clear statement of the principles on which it is founded. It speaks of justice, but it does not make justice the end of its existence. It proposes peace, but it is a peace which is not based on any defined national right but is to be imposed by superior force. It refers to law, but it does not provide for any specific code or agree upon its enforcement. It does not admit that sovereign States are jurally equal. It divides them into classes and bases the classification on power and magnitude, thereby eliminating that which is most vital in a true Entente of Free Nations,—their equal rights and their equal freedom. Being a combination for the mutual protection of all territorial possessions, regardless of the origin and nature of the title by which such possessions are held, in effect it repudiates the doctrine of national self-determination, and reaffirms the principle of imperial authority, thus reconsecrating the right of forcible conquest.

Notwithstanding the efforts to deny the charge that the Covenant of the League establishes a super-government, it is clearly demonstrable that it does so. It is true that an attempt was made in the process of revision at Paris to diminish the appearance of super-governmental authority in the League. The word "Constitution," which implied that a new authority was constituted, was dropped and the word "Covenant" made to take its place. The "Executive Council" became merely the "Council," thus obscuring its executive character. "The Body of Delegates," which seemed to connote the organic unity of the Powers, was changed to the more vague and indefinite designation the "Assembly," which is represented to be a mere hall of echoes where complaints and proposals may be voiced, without any power of action.

These changes were in effect admissions that a super-government had been intended and had been found objectionable; but while they serve to obscure the fact that the League remains a super-national authority, they do not divest it of this quality, for what appeared to be eliminated from the powers of the Council was already embodied in the obligations of the Covenant.

It has been thought in some quarters that, to disprove the super-governmental character of the League it was suf-

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ficient to show that at most the Council can only "recommend" action, and especially as, even for this purely advisory act, a unanimous vote is required. This position seems plausible until it is remembered that there are obligations in the Covenant which the Council neither creates nor is able to modify. They are absolute, because they are obligations to act in a definite manner when a specified set of circumstances comes into being. In brief, they are entirely automatic in their operation.

This automatic character of the League has been dwelt upon by some of its defenders as constituting the pre-eminent excellence of the Covenant. President Lowell says in the *Covenanter:*

> There are two possible forms in which a league to maintain peace may be organized. These may be termed the delegated and the automatic forms. The first of these is like a federation of States, where certain powers are delegated to a central authority, whose action, within those limits, is binding on the several States. In a league constructed in such a manner a central organ would have power, to issue directions which the members of the League agree to obey. The automatic form is more simple, more primitive, but not ill-adapted to sovereign States whose duties to the League are so few that they can be specifically enumerated in the Covenant. It consists in prescribing definitely the obligation which the members assume, or will assume on the happening of a certain event, and giving no authority to any central organ to exercise its discretion in giving orders binding upon them.

It would be difficult to state more clearly in a few words the precise difference between the two types of association, the federative and the automatic. The former would leave decisions to a central body of delegates. The latter would create definite obligations to be fulfilled regardless of particular decisions in such a manner that each member of the League would be already pledged to act in a prescribed sense whenever the contingency occurred.

The distinction between the two forms of league is clear; but it is equally clear that a super-government may exist in the automatic form as well as in the delegated form, for the question whether or not a super-government exists turns, not upon the nature of the depository in which super-national power rests, but upon the degree of discretion and freedom of action retained by the national governments under the Covenant of the League. An Entente of Free Nations would retain them entirely, but with the pledge to pursue certain ends in common and to meet new

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situations as they arise in a spirit of mutual helpfulness and co-operation in accordance with definitely defined principles of action. If, however, discretion and freedom have been previously surrendered, there is created a power which controls the action of the governments that have surrendered them and a super-government has been thus established, no matter where that controlling power is lodged so long as it continues to exist. That super-government may reside in the decisions of certain persons authorized to determine the action to be taken; or it may be allowed to reside in a mechanism acting automatically as various conditions come into being. In either case, discretion and freedom are no longer retained by the national government which has thus surrendered the power of free decision. Future action has then passed from the realm of freedom into the realm of necessity. A pledge having been given to act in a certain way in certain circumstances, a government thus pledged must act in the manner agreed upon whenever those circumstances occur.

It may be said in reply to this statement of the case, that, inasmuch as the governments in the League of Nations freely engage to be bound by the obligation of the Covenant, even though its mechanism be automatic and individual freedom be thereby suppressed, such a Covenant does not establish a super-government. Having been voluntarily created, it is not a super-government.

This observation fails to take into account the fact that the voluntary establishment of a super-government does not render it any the less authoritative, or any the less a surrender of independence, after the renunciation has once been made. The States of the American Union voluntarily created the existing Federal Government; but its superior control is in no way diminished or in any manner affected by the fact that it was freely established, except to render obedience to the superior authority more obviously a binding obligation than it would be if the compact had not been freely entered into.

The fundamental issue in the controversy over the Treaty of Versailles, and especially over the Covenant constituting its first Part, is: Should the United States entrust to an automatic mechanism, such as the League of Nations is described to be, powers which the Constitution has conferred exclusively upon Congress, or should those powers

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be retained and freely exercised by the representatives of the people, as provided in the fundamental law which created the Republic? President Lowell says:

> Vigorous objection has been made in the United States, to a super-sovereign league that would have authority to order this country what to do in case of an attack against another member of the League. The objection is not without cogency, but it does not apply to the Covenant of Paris, either in its original or its amended form, for that covenant has adopted as its basic principle the automatic type of league, fixing the obligations of the members and the sanctions for violation in the pact itself, instead of leaving them to be determined by a representative body.

A representative body would at least be free, but a league of the automatic type binds all its members to action by the fact that their obligations and the sanctions for the violation of them are fixed in the pact itself. By whom are these obligations and sanctions fixed? The President of the United States holds that this may be done by himself alone, and that his partner in the treaty-making process has nothing to say about them. But, even, though the whole Senate should assent, by what authority could the President fix such controlling obligations in the pact itself?

I take no exception to the statement that the League proposed by the Covenant, both in its original and its revised form, is in the main of the automatic type, and that its obligations are largely predetermined; but it is precisely this predetermination of obligatory action dependent upon an unknown sequence of events that renders the League a super-government, under which every representative body, including the Congress of the United States, is deprived of powers conferred by the Constitution.

In Article X of the Covenant, for example, all the members of the League are solemnly pledged "to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League." When such aggression occurs, automatically it brings into operation the obligation, and action must follow as a necessity of the Covenant. Even a unanimous decision of the Council cannot set aside the obligation or avoid the necessity of action. The pledge applies to all future as well as to all present members of the League, and it is not affected by the merits of the case. If the United States unconditionally accepts this obligation, its Government is no longer free to determine its decision, for the

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pledge is absolute, and whether it desires to act or not, wholly regardless of the provocation that may cause the aggression which it is pledged to repel, the obligation must be fulfilled.

It would be futile to assume that the fulfillment of this obligation will never involve war. Such a contention would leave the pledge without any value. Its whole force and significance lie in the assumption that every signatory of the Covenant will be obliged to engage in war whenever the conditions of the agreement demand it.

This involves surrendering to the operation of a mere mechanism of control the most important power any government possesses, the power to determine when and why it will engage in war. Such a surrender involves the creation of a super-government in the form of a blind, unconscious mechanism which, though animated by no human feelings and endowed with no intelligent foresight, may involve millions of men in sanguinary strife over questions remote from their interests; for this Article X of the League of Nations, according to the President of the United States, as we shall presently see, is not a provision, intended specifically to avoid war, but to preserve boundaries that have never yet been settled on any definite principles of right.

In the Conference at the White House with the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, on August 19th, 1919, the President made the extraordinary statement that the "invasion" of the territory of a member of the League is not forbidden by Article X. He said: "I understand that Article to mean that no nation is at liberty to invade the *territorial integrity* of another. That does not mean to invade for the purposes of warfare, but to impair the territorial integrity of another nation. Its territorial integrity is not destroyed by armed intervention. It is destroyed by retention, by taking territory away from it, that impairs its territorial integrity." When Senator Brandegee suggested that the words are not "territorial aggression," but "external aggression," the President, to support his interpretation, insisted, "But it says the preservation of its territorial integrity against external aggression."

Under this Article of the Covenant, according to the President's interpretation, invasion "for purposes of warfare" is not forbidden. An enemy might invade any coun-

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try, so far as this provision for its protection is concerned, take possession of its resources, carry away its portable property, desolate its fields, destroy its mines, and even exterminate its population; but the President declares the obligation of Article X would not be brought into operation until it came to a diplomatic settlement! Then, and only then, would the obligation to "preserve territorial integrity and political independence" come into operation!

It is difficult to be patient with such an evasion as this, to which no government could resort in practice without losing the respect of mankind, including that of its own people. If this were the true meaning of Article X, it would be a mockery to call it "the heart of the Covenant." If such an interpretation were inserted in the act of ratification, it would undoubtedly be rejected.

The purpose of the President in trying to limit the application of Article X to the ultimate settlement of boundary disputes is obvious. It was to diminish the extent of the obligation assumed under it. The wide extent of that obligation is, however, distinctly revealed in the second sentence of that Article, which reads: "In case of any such aggression or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled." And if we turn to Article XI, which immediately follows, we read: "Any war or threat of war whether immediately affecting any of the members of the League or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole League, and the League shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations;" and yet the President insists that the obligation under Article X would not become operative until an invading nation had completed its conquest and decided to annex territory and impose its own rule!

Article X undoubtedly means what it says, and so does Article XI. The preservation of territorial integrity and political independence against external aggression is an explicit obligation, and that obligation is nowhere limited in the manner maintained in the President's interpretation. "Any war or threat of war" is "a matter of concern to the whole League," and "the League is to take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations." "In case any such emergency should arise, the

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Secretary-General shall, on the request of any member of the League, forthwith summon a meeting of the Council."

The Council once called, the duty of every member is plain. It is to fulfil and enforce the obligations of the Covenant. "The League is to take action." That is a part of the contract. What action must it take? "Any action that may be deemed wise and effectual." It cannot abrogate or modify any Covenant obligation of the League. That is where the super-government becomes automatically absolute. The "whole League"—for it is a corporate unit and not a mere aggregation of separate States—and every member of the League *must* act in a manner to fulfil its obligations. If war is necessary, then war must follow, or the Covenant is broken and the defaulters are not only delinquent in performance, they are also subject to discipline. They may not then freely withdraw from the League (Article I), or they may be expelled from it (Article XVI).

The function of the Council is clearly defined in the second sentence of Article X: "The Council shall *advise upon* the means by which the obligation shall be fulfilled." "Advise upon" means that the members of the Council shall advise or take counsel together; not that, as a body, they shall merely give advice to the separate governments regarding the "means" they must employ in fulfilling the obligation. Under Article XI it is explicitly prescribed that "*the League shall take action.*" It is clearly the function of the Council to decide what action will be "*wise and effectual,*" and then the League is to take that particular action. It may be *any* action, including war by the entire League; but from the nature of the case it must be a specific action and it is action *by the League.*

It seems a perversion of language to say, that, because the expression "advise upon" is employed, the Council acts only in an "advisory" manner. The League as such is authorized to "take action," not merely to advise its members to take action. No referendum is provided for; nor is it necessary, since unanimity is required in the Council. Every member will have had an opportunity of vetoing the action proposed under the instruction of his Government, before any decision is reached. No revision or confirmation of the decision is anywhere prescribed or even referred to. The implication is plain that the Covenant is

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automatic here also, to the extent that the obligation to act upon a decision thus unanimously arrived at is fixed by the terms of the Covenant.

In saying this, I do not overlook the fact that the President has declared that all the obligations of the Covenant are only "moral" and not "legal," and that a moral obligation involves a personal "judgment" when it comes to execution, and that such a separate judgment may justify a refusal to fulfil the obligation! But I shall not attempt to enter into the casuistry in which this singular distinction takes refuge. I assume that, whatever the distinction between a "moral" and a "legal" obligation may be, it cannot be invoked in international agreements, in which all obligations are fundamentally moral, because they are based entirely upon national honor.

What I am more concerned about is, who has the right to pledge the national honor, and who under our Constitution must fulfil the pledge; and I assume that no one has the right—either moral or legal—to pledge the honor of the nation in a manner that may conflict with the fundamental law, or that may render disputable the obligation to fulfil the pledge after it has been made.

I draw attention, therefore, to the fact that, while the Covenant of the League of Nations, if respected, would predetermine the occasion for the United States going to war or refusing to go to war, and is to that extent a supergovernment controlling the constitutional right of Congress freely to decide these questions, it virtually places the entire control of foreign policy, so far as any independent national control is left, in the hands of the Chief Executive, who is at the same time the Commander-in-Chief of the military and naval forces of the United States. The moment war is automatically called for by the obligations of the Covenant, at that moment the President might claim the right to act by the authority of a treaty, and a decision regarding his right to act under the treaty could be reached only by a long and difficult process, if at all. It is probable that other nations would consider him bound to act, since his own decision that he should do so had already been expressed in the Council when action was "advised upon."

It has, I am aware, been intimated, that any proposed action by the League of a character objectionable to the Government of the United States could be prevented by

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instructing the representative of this country in the Council to vote against it. Since unanimity is necessary to any decision of the Council, such action could be prevented by that single vote.

This is true, and it is also true that any other action, and all action, could be prevented by any one of the members of the Council, except that rendered necessary by the obligations of the Covenant, which all the members together could not change.

It is, therefore, evident that the President, having previously instructed the American representative in the Council how to vote on a particular issue, would be already bound by its decision, and would be honorably bound also to carry it into execution. If it be held that the Council does not determine action but merely gives advice, such advice would of necessity be in effect the President's advice, since no recommendation could be made without it.

In order that the full force of this statement may be appreciated, it is necessary to note that it is the Council of the League that "advises upon" the action to be taken whenever the machinery of the League calls for action. There is no other provision for it. To reverse it, to propose other action, or to refuse to participate in the action determined upon by the Council would be equivalent to declining to perform the obligation automatically brought into being. To any such course the reply of other nations would be, "You are repudiating the agreement of your own Government, which has already approved this action in the Council. You are already bound by it."

We come here to the most fundamental of all the questions relating not only to this Covenant but to the whole future policy of the United States in its relation to other countries and the issues of war and peace, namely: "Who is authorized to bind the United States in an international agreement?"

We know the answer of President Wilson. In his letter addressed to Senator Hitchcock on November 19, 1919, he declared that changes in the Treaty of Versailles which had been proposed in the Senate would be in effect a "nullification of the treaty;" and he had previously intimated that, if the treaty were in any essential respect modified, he would himself suppress the act of ratification. In his address in Denver, on September 25 he said:

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The negotiation of treaties rests with the Executive of the United States. When the Senate has acted, it will be for me to determine whether its action constitutes an adoption or a rejection.

This attitude is in effect an assertion that the President, "in his own name and by his own proper authority," may bind the United States in a treaty which fixes in the obligations of the contract the occasions when war must, and when it may not be engaged in by this Government.

If the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations skillfully interwoven with it as the only means of binding it upon the country can be thus forced upon the Senate, what may be expected when the League of Nations—the heir and virtual successor of the Conference at Paris—comes into operation? Will there be in the conduct of its business any greater publicity than in that of the Conference? Does it not promise to afford a secret centre for the adjustment and extension of "regional understandings," the validity of which is expressly secured by Article XXI of the Covenant? What contact will there be, unless it is established in some manner not foreshadowed in the organization of the Council, between that body and the public, or even between it and either House of Congress, except through the Executive, and may not the Executive be expected to continue to act upon the same principle as permitted the disposition of Shantung? After the experience of the Conference, who even of the regularly confirmed and responsible officers of the Department of State can be expected to know what is really going on in the Council? As the method of procedure is presented in the Covenant, all the decisions of the Council will be prepared, confirmed, and partly executed before the public or the Senate will know of their existence. The "honor" of the Nation being thus engaged, a refusal to act or even tardy action by Congress, which is constitutionally charged with furnishing the material means for the execution of international engagements, would place the Congress where the Senate is now placed in the minds of those who condemn its legitimate exercise of its prerogative as obstructive and partisan.

Do the American people—even those who are most anxious about peace and most desirous of promoting the comity of nations—wish either an automatic super-government or a secret executive government, or any possible com-

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bination of them, such as the Covenant of the League of Nations if not modified will create? I cannot believe it. On the contrary I think the time will soon come when the whole country, and especially those who are interested in international peace, will realize what an immense service has been rendered to the Nation, and even to the whole world, by the effort made in the Senate to preserve the constitutional safeguards regarding the obligations to be undertaken by the United States with foreign Powers.

The two conspicuous features of the Treaty of Versailles which I have dwelt upon in this article,—the creation of a super-government by automatic action and the excessive power of the Executive through the exclusive control of our representative in the Council,—have seemed to a majority of the Senate to be in conflict with the spirit, and in part with the letter, of our fundamental law, which bases the national security on the division of power. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, without repudiating either the Covenant of the League of Nations or the conditions of peace with Germany, recommended such a modification of the Covenant, so far as the United States is concerned, as would remove this conflict.

There were three ways in which such a modification could be made.

The first was by "amendment." This is clearly within the constitutional power of the Senate with regard to any treaty, and it has often been beneficially exercised. In the case of the Treaty of Versailles, the large number of signatories was naturally urged as a reason for not pressing the process of amendment, but there was a more important reason. The treaty had already been accepted by several Powers, including Germany. A change in the text of the treaty would involve all the signatories, some of whom were, no doubt, content with its present form, whereas changes were demanded only as they might affect the United States. It was decided, therefore, to seek some more generous and expeditious course of procedure, and the thought of amendment was abandoned.

A second method of modification was by "interpretation." To this two objections were opposed. The chief criticism of the Covenant was, not that the text was equivocal, but that its clear meaning was not acceptable. If the treaty were ratified as it stood in its completeness, it

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would be futile to try to make it mean what it evidently did not mean; and besides, an interpretation would be only an expression of opinion which might not be accepted by any other signatory and would have no value before an international tribunal. Even the President had no objection to "interpretations," he had made too many of them himself; but he opposed inserting any of them in the act of ratification!

There remained a third method, well established in diplomatic usage, with numerous precedents in the practice of this and other nations, the validity of which in an international engagement had never been questioned by any competent authority. This was the method of "reservation."

The theory of it is very simple. It accepts the treaty with the exception of certain obligations contained in it. It does not ask that those obligations shall be omitted or changed in the text of the treaty. It does not attempt to interpret them. It admits their existence and their authority for all who choose to accept them. It does not ask that the United States may have the benefit of them. It simply declares that they are not accepted by the United States as a part of the treaty to which this country becomes a signatory. In brief, it implies acceptance of the treaty with certain definitely specified exceptions or limitations.

The engagement being essentially limited in its character, it is of limited reciprocity as well as of limited obligation. It does not in any way alter the contract for those who make no reservations, except as related to the reserving Power. The acceptance of such membership may be refused by other signatories, if they choose to refuse; but their formal acceptance is not essential to the validity of the reservations if named in the act of ratification.

Ratification of the Treaty of Versailles, including the Covenant of the League of Nations, with reservations was the method adopted by the majority of the Senate and opposed by the minority, virtually by a party division; the Republicans standing for that principle, the Democrats, with few exceptions, opposing it under the direction of the President, who declared in his letter of November 19, 1919, to Senator Hitchcock, that a "resolution in that form does not provide for ratification but rather for nullification of the treaty."

This last statement is, perhaps, the most illuminating

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admission of what the treaty was really designed to be that has come from any source. If the reservations that were adopted by the Senate on November 20th would in reality nullify the treaty, it is because they would defeat its purposes. We may, therefore, conclude that the treaty was intended to accomplish what the reservations aim to prevent. The President's objection to the reservations reveals the fact that he opposes what they require and requires what they oppose. In substance the reservations are as follows:

1. The United States shall be the sole judge, in case of withdrawal under Article I, as to whether its obligations under the Covenant have been fulfilled. Was the Council to determine this?

2. The United States assumes no obligations under Article X, *unless* in any particular case the Congress shall provide for the employment of the military and naval forces of the United States. Were these forces intended to be employed without reference to Congress? Or was Congress bound to act as the Council might direct?

3. No mandate shall be accepted by the United States except by action of Congress. Was it expected that mandates would be accepted without reference to Congress?

4. The United States reserves the right to decide what questions are of a domestic character. Was it intended that the Council or the Assembly should decide this question?

5. The United States will not submit to arbitration or inquiry questions depending upon or relating to the Monroe Doctrine. Was it intended that it should submit such questions?

6. The United States withholds its assent to the provisions of the treaty regarding Shantung. Is there any reason why it should not reserve assent?

7. The Congress of the United States will provide by law for the appointment of the representatives of the United States in the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations and members of commissions. Was it intended that they should be appointed solely by the Executive?

8. The United States understands that the Reparation Commission will regulate or interfere with the trade of the United States with Germany only when the Congress approves. Was it designed that the Commission might override the will of Congress in this matter?

9. There is to be no obligation for the expenses of the

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League of Nations without an appropriation of funds by Congress. Was the League to determine and collect expenses regardless of Congress?

10. The United States reserves the right to increase its armament without the consent of the Council whenever the United States is threatened with invasion or engaged in war. Was the Council intended to possess authority to prohibit this?

11. The United States reserves the right at its discretion to permit nationals of a State that has broken the Covenant to continue their personal business relations with citizens of the United States. Did the Covenant intend to prevent all individual business relations while the State of which they are nationals is engaged in a law-suit with a possible rival in trade?

12. Nothing in Articles 296, 297, relating to debts and property rights, shall be taken to sanction any illegal act or any act in contravention of the rights of citizens of the United States. Does the unmodified treaty have a contrary effect?

13. The United States withholds its assent to Part XIII, relating to labor, *unless* Congress shall hereafter make provision for representation in the organization to be established, and in such event participation shall be governed by provisions of Congress. Was it intended to appoint representatives or accept decisions in this matter without the control of Congress?

14. The United States assumes no obligation to be bound by any election, decision, report, or finding of the Council or Assembly in which any member of the League and its self-governing dominions, colonies, or parts of empire, in the aggregate have cast more than one vote. Did the treaty intend that it should be under such an obligation?

If these reservations do really nullify the treaty, they do so only in matters concerning which the Congress of the United States might find its constitutional prerogatives transferred to a super-government or to exclusive control by the Executive. They do not in any respect prevent the United States from doing every just or generous act which is contemplated by the treaty. Their effect is simply to preserve its independence in conformity with the Constitution of the United States.

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THE LEAGUE AND AMERICA'S GOOD FAITH

By JAMES M. BECK

HISTORY repeats itself, not only because the nature of man changes but little with the centuries, but also because governments are, as Edmund Burke once said of civilization, "a triple contract between the noble dead, the living, and the unborn." The living can never wholly ignore the dead, but potent, member of this triple alliance, and this is the underlying cause of America's reaction against the League of Nations.

It followed one of the most notable debates in the history of the American Senate and in the forum of public opinion. For five months, the members of the Senate, representing on a basis of equality the forty-eight States of the Federal Union, whose ambassadors they are, debated the question as to the extent to which America was prepared to part company with its traditional policies as formulated by the Founders of the Republic, and this debate was continued among a people numbering over one hundred millions.

America's entry into the European war was not a departure from such policy, as is commonly supposed. The Founder of the American Republic in his farewell message clearly distinguished between the "extraordinary emergencies" in world politics, in which the American people ought to take a part and which amply justify "temporary alliances" with nations of kindred ideals and similar interests, and the "*ordinary* vicissitudes of her (Europe's) politics or the *ordinary* combinations or collisions of her friendships or enmities." The Senate's rejection of the treaty shows that the American people are not willing to ignore this distinction, and that the dead Washington is a

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more potent force in controlling the destinies of the American people than the living Wilson. The verdict of the Senate should not be misunderstood. The effort to implicate America "by artificial ties in the *ordinary* combinations or collisions" of European politics is dead beyond resurrection.

This is not the first time that America has been invited to become a member of an European league of nations. Nearly a century ago, after the peace conferences in Vienna, of 1814 and 1815, and of Aix-la-Chappelle in the autumn of 1818, it was attempted to form a compact between the five principal European Powers,—Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia and Russia, for the preservation of universal peace. When England, under the wise guidance of Lord Castlereagh, declined to be enmeshed in this "league of peace," the Czar Alexander informally invited the United States to become a member of the "Big Five," and to this end, his Foreign Minister sounded the American Minister at St. Petersburg as to the disposition of the United States, if such an invitation were formally extended to it. The matter was referred to the Washington government, James Monroe then being President and John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, and, in a very striking communication from the latter to the American Minister to Russia, under date of July 5th, 1820, the United States declined the invitation. The reasons assigned for this course are so pertinent to the present crisis and so prophetic as to justify quotation. Among other things, Secretary Adams said:

> The political system of the United States is also essentially extra-European. To stand in firm and cautious independence of all entanglement in the European system, has been a cardinal point of their policy under every administration of their government, and from the peace of 1783 to this day. * * * It might, perhaps, be sufficient to answer that the organization of our Government is such as not to admit of our acceding formally to that compact. But it may be added that the President, approving its general principles and thoroughly convinced of the benevolence and virtuous motives which led to the conception and presided at the formation of this system by the Emperor Alexander, believes that the United States will more effectually contribute to the great and sublime objects for which it was concluded by abstaining from a formal participation in it than they could as stipulated members of it. * * * * * * But independent of the prejudices which have been excited against this instrument in the public opinion, which time and an experience of its good effects will gradually wear away,

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it may be observed that for the repose of Europe as well as of America, the European and American political systems should be kept as separate and distinct from each other as possible."

With the retroactive wisdom of recent months, is it not now apparent that Secretary Adams was right in the sentence last quoted and italicized? Can it be doubted that Europe would have made a better and speedier peace if America had taken no part in the Paris Conference, other than in the discussion and determination of such general questions of world policy as concern all nations and are not local controversies between European states? The American representatives in Paris—or shall I say representative? — preferred, without any mandate from his countrymen to intervene in questions like Fiume, the Saar Basin, Dantzig and Thrace, and has done so at a great sacrifice of America's good relations with former friends and without rendering any real assistance to the Allies.

That the Senate rejection of the peace treaty on account of the League of Nations has caused deep disappointment and even greater irritation in Europe is recognized with regret by all thoughtful Americans. It is important that it shall not be mis-interpreted in Great Britain or France; for it was well said by Lord Robert Cecil, in words that the writer can only paraphrase from memory, that the best hope of the world for the preservation of a just peace lies not so much in the League of Nations as in the spirit of mutual cooperation between the members of the great alliance which called it into being.

I recently took occasion to say in the presence of Lord Finlay, that if the formation of the League of Nations had led to any alienation in sympathy between Great Britain and the United States, it would have been better that the League had never been born, and that, on the other hand, if, as I then anticipated, America should refuse to become a member of the League, a just and durable peace is still practicable as long as Great Britain, France and the United States cooperated, not as a formal alliance, but as a genuine *entente,* to preserve the peace of the world. The Anglo-French-American *entente* is not dead, even though the League of Nations be in a moribund condition.

It is vitally necessary that the three nations should understand each other in this hour of disappointed hopes

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and avoid any mis-interpretation of motives; for I can only repeat what I said nearly a year ago in London:

> Anglo-American unity, upon which the peace of the world so largely rests, depends less upon the expedients of statesmen and obligations of written treaties than upon the potent sentiment of loyalty to the great destinies of the English-speaking race;

and I ventured to add an obvious truism,—which,—though a truism—is too often ignored,—that "the great essentials to this unity are mutual appreciation and understanding."

In the inevitable moral reaction from the heroic spirit of the war and in the disappointments of the Paris Peace Conference, this mutual appreciation and understanding have unfortunately undergone an appreciable diminution.

What is necessary is to salvage out of the wreck as much as is now possible. To do this, it is necessary that misunderstandings on both sides of the ocean should be avoided. For example: it is believed by many Americans that the League of Nations was the subtle suggestion of British statesmanship, whereby the great Empire would effectually dominate the destinies of civilization. Thoughtful Americans, however, recognize that the blunder of attempting to create a League of Nations at a time when the imperative need of the world was the speedy restoration of peace and practical reconstruction on economic lines, was primarily the error of the American peace representatives, who first induced Great Britain and then virtually forced France to accept that which the clear sanity of French statesmanship was disposed to reject as both illusory and inopportune.

It is not so generally appreciated in America, even among thoughtful men, that the multiplied vote of the British Empire was not desired by England so much as by its great and virtually independent overseas dominions. Few Americans realize that this recognition of Canada and Australia as separate international entities is in fact an injury to the centralized power of England in the control of the international relations of a world-wide Empire.

It is, however, not only in America that misapprehensions must be corrected; for recent utterances have shown that there is a distinct misunderstanding in Great Britain and France as to several essential features of the present crisis. Thus, it has been intimated by a distinguished English publicist that the action of the Senate is a virtual "repudiation" of America's promises, and it has been said

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in France, by a distinguished journalist, that the action of the United States is virtually a "tearing up" of the treaty to which the United States is morally committed, and that France will be slow hereafter to give any engagements of America their face value.

These suggestions are unfortunate and most prejudicial. They injuriously affect the political relations between the three great liberal democracies of the world, which can only rest upon a friendly public opinion. They will intensify the opposition in the United States to any further attempt to secure the assent of the Senate to the proposed League of Nations. The American people are not conscious of any bad faith in this matter, and this must be clear to any fair-minded man who will consider dispassionately the events of the last twelve months.

The European nations had ample and exceptional warnings that the American peace representatives had no authority to commit their country to any treaty obligations. Under the Constitution of the United States, there cannot be, in fact, any such thing as an ambassador or peace commissioner "plenipotentiary." It is true that Colonel House, who flitted between the chancelleries of Europe with an undefined and extra-Constitutional authority, called himself the "Commissioner Plenipotentiary of the United States" and that the chief commissioner of the United States at the Conference was the President of the United States; but, wisely or unwisely, the United States, from the very beginning of the Government, had given explicit notice to all the world in its Constitution that no official, however great or illustrious, could commit the United States to any treaty obligation, except "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate" and "provided two-thirds of the Senate present concur."

The writer, when in England in the autumn of 1918, was surprised to see how little this provision of the Federal Constitution seemed to be known. If known, little practical recognition was given to it. Apparently no attempt was ever made by representatives of the European governments to ascertain whether or not the views of the American Peace Commissioners were those of the American people, as expressed in the final treaty-making organ of the government, the Senate of the United States.

I quite appreciate the difficulty and delicacy of such a

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question; but the times were critical, delays were fatal, and it was, as it seems to me, the part of common prudence for the Paris Conference to examine with great care the credentials of all representatives, to see whether they had unlimited or only limited powers.

Apart from this fact, there was an even more significant warning to the Paris Conference in the Congressional elections of 1918. President Wilson saw fit, on the eve of the general election of November of that year, to ask his countrymen to indicate by their votes at the polls whether or not they were prepared to give him authority to negotiate in their behalf, with a moral obligation to accept his conclusions. While such an authority could only be moral and could not override the explicit provisions of the Constitution—for, in America, the majority only rules within a strictly limited sphere of power—yet a favorable response to this appeal for a blank power of attorney would undoubtedly have had controlling influence in compelling the Senate to confirm any action which the Peace Commissioners might take. In the electoral controversy which followed, the opposition not only urged the American people to refuse this unlimited proxy to their President; but the discussion turned largely upon two of the once famous "Fourteen Points," namely: the freedom of the seas and the League of Nations. As to the former, the American people were opposed to any proposition to weaken the effectiveness of the great naval Powers of the world, of which the United States was one; and, as to the League of Nations, while the American people were in favor of *a* league of nations—meaning thereby the general principle of international cooperation—yet they did not propose to commit themselves in advance to any form of such a league; for they realized the possibility that a league might be formed with which they would have no sympathy and which would impose obligations which the American people did not desire to assume.

Upon these issues, the American people, by an overwhelming majority exceeding one million votes, refused to grant the President an unlimited moral authority to commit them to any peace programme, and, incidentally, thus manifested their repugnance to some of the "Fourteen Points," including the freedom of the seas and any league of nations which would impair the sovereignty of the United States.

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(I may say parenthetically that the President's "Fourteen Points" represented only his individual opinion, and did not, either legally or even morally, commit the Senate, to whom the Constitution had given the power to accept or reject any proposed treaty negotiated to give binding obligation to the Fourteen Points.)

Not less significant was the well-known but too soon forgotten fact that when, shortly thereafter, President Wilson announced his intention to go to Paris, the announcement was met with a storm of protest throughout all America, a protest in which his closest advisers and his most ardent journalistic supporters joined. It may be doubted whether the sentiment of the American people was ever expressed with greater unanimity. No one can gainsay the fact that President Wilson went to Paris in the teeth of almost universal opposition in his own country and without respect to party.

In this, the invincible common sense of the American people was again manifested. From their own bitter experience, they reasoned—even though subconsciously—that President Wilson's nebulous theories—compounded of scholastic formalism and a vapory internationalism—would only cloud the skies and muddy the waters of the Paris Peace Conference. Contemporaneous judgment has only anticipated the verdict of posterity that the Paris Conference would have made a better peace if President Wilson had not injected into an infinitely complex and surpassingly difficult problem his illusory abstractions.

When he returned in February with the first draft of the Covenant of the League, the American people again gave notice to the world in an unmistakable manner that they did not favor it, and to "make assurance doubly sure," more than one-third of the Senate—which had the power to defeat any treaty—gave formal notice by the so-called "round robin" that the proposed Covenant would not be accepted by the American people.

Whatever the verdict of history may be as to the failure of the European Peace Commissioners to give due consideration to the limited character of President Wilson's credentials when he first went to Paris, and while it will undoubtedly recognize the great difficulty of any such inquiry by them at that time, even though the American people had, in the preceding November, given an emphatic

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expression as to their views; yet when more than a third of the Senate thus formally stated to the Peace Conference that the requisite two-thirds could not be obtained for the Covenant as originally drafted, it will amaze posterity that in the grave crisis which then confronted Europe the statesmen of Europe paid so little heed to the action of the Senate, but continued to follow President Wilson, as the children of Hamelin followed the Pied Piper. It is true that when the Senate gave this significant warning of its final action, in March, 1919, the Supreme Council, in President Wilson's absence, did wisely conclude that the League of Nations should be made the subject of a future and supplemental treaty. This was the part of wisdom and safety, and had that policy been adhered to, there can be no question that the Senate of the United States would have ratified the peace treaty, with the exception of the Shantung clauses, as to which it would have contented itself with a mere disclaimer of responsibility.

Unfortunately, on President Wilson's return to Paris, the European statesmen, responsive to his demand, reconsidered their action, and again forced the Covenant back into the treaty and thus again made the fatal blunder of inextricably interweaving the Covenant with the treaty.

A majority of the American people take a just pride in the fact that the Senate accepted the challenge and refused to permit its high prerogative to be defeated by that which was virtually a policy of coercion. The action of the Supreme Council in this matter was a fatal blunder. That was the time for the Peace Commissioners to demand that President Wilson should reconcile his pretensions of absolute power with the Constitution of the United States and the action of a majority of the American Senate.

This will be more clear to English readers if the situation be reversed.

Let us suppose that England had a rigid, written constitution which limited the power of its Government by providing that neither the Prime Minister nor the King, in whose name the Prime Minister acts, could make a treaty unless two-thirds of the House of Commons concurred in its wisdom. With this limitation of authority, let us suppose that Mr. Lloyd George had dissolved Parliament before the Peace Conference met and had appealed to the English electorate to give him a mandate to negotiate a

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treaty of peace with a league of nations as an integral part thereof and that on this issue the English people had elected a House of Commons in opposition to the Prime Minister by overwhelming majorities. In such event, Lloyd George would have resigned. Let us suppose that he had had a fixed tenure of power, like the President of the United States, and had thereupon announced that he intended to proceed in person to Paris to negotiate a treaty upon the principles as to which he had vainly appealed to the electorate for a vote of confidence.

Let us further suppose that under these circumstances, Mr. Lloyd George had gone to Paris, in opposition to general public sentiment irrespective of party and had negotiated a treaty with the objectionable provision, and that, during the progress of the negotiations, more than one-third of the new House of Commons had signed a formal statement that they would not accept the proposed league of nations in the form negotiated by the Prime Minister. Let us imagine that Mr. Lloyd George proceeded to negotiate the treaty with the objectionable features, and then submitted it to the House of Commons. Can anyone question that an English House of Commons, always jealous of the maintenance of its constitutional institutions, would reject a treaty, an integral part of which had been negotiated in open defiance to its wishes?

Finally, I ask my English readers to suppose that, under these conditions, France and the United States accused Great Britain of bad faith and charged them with a "repudiation" of their moral obligations. Would not the English people bitterly resent the imputation?

In view of these facts, how can any Englishman or Frenchman fairly say that the American people have acted in bad faith or have "repudiated" any obligation? The conscience of America is so free from reproach in this respect that any intimation that she has acted in bad faith will intensify the growing feeling in America against any further participation in world politics; for the one outstanding result of the long debate in the Senate has been a swift and portentous reaction in the American mind in favor of the policy of isolation which, while adapted to America's infancy, is no longer worthy of one of the master states of the world.

Another misinterpretation is not less irritating and

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mischievous. Thoughtful Americans have read with surprise the repeated statements in the English and French press to the effect that the opposition to the League of Nations in the United States Senate is a narrow and partisan one, dictated, on the one hand, by a disposition of the Republican Party to play politics and accentuated by a strong, personal dislike of President Wilson and a desire to deprive him of his laurels.

This suggestion is as unworthy and unjust as the other suggestion, so frequently voiced by European statesmen in congratulatory addresses to President Wilson, that it was his sagacious statesmanship which led the American people into the war. The fact is that the American people led their President into the war, and that there was never a time, from the sinking of the *Lusitania,* that they would not have participated in the war if President Wilson had given any intimation of his willingness to recommend that action. With admirable discipline they waited for their Chief Executive to give the word of command, and finally compelled him to give it.

It is equally unfair to suggest that the defeat by the Senate of the treaty is a narrow exhibition of rancorous partisanship. It is true that the votes in the Senate to some extent divided upon party lines. This was only so because a large majority of the Democratic Senators felt constrained to support the President in one of his vital policies. But not only did a considerable minority of the Democratic Senators oppose the treaty; but, if it had not been for its inevitable effect upon the next Presidential election, it is altogether probable that a majority of the Democratic Senators would have joined their Republican colleagues in rejecting the League of Nations. The votes taken on the amendments and reservations and upon the final resolution of ratification do not represent the full force of the opposition to the abandonment of America's traditional policies.

While it is true that, with few exceptions, the Republican Senators refused to accept the Covenant without reservations, which virtually nullified it for practical purposes, yet it is an error to assume that it was done for partisan or personal reasons. So far as partisan advantage was concerned, the Republican Senators, when the League was first submitted, had much to gain by accepting it; for when the President brought the first draft of the Covenant from Paris

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last February, there was an undoubted disposition of the American people to accept it, not because they liked it, but because they were indisposed to complicate a critical world situation by rejecting that which had been done in their name, even though they had given ample and thrice repeated warnings that they did not favor the League of Nations. It was then common opinion in the United States that the Republican Party was almost certain to be returned to power in the Presidential election of 1920. There were thousands of Republicans of the type of Ex-President Taft and President Lowell, of Harvard University, who warmly favored the League of Nations; and, at that time it seemed probable that, if the Republican Senators opposed the League of Nations, it might result in a party schism that would lessen the probability, amounting almost to a moral certainty, of their return to power. If, on the contrary, they accepted the League of Nations, and such action disappointed the American people, the primary responsibility would be that of the Democratic administration which negotiated it. The Republican Party had much to gain and little to lose, as it then seemed, by a policy of inaction, or tacit acquiescence in President Wilson's League.

Upon the broadest grounds of patriotism and because the Covenant would permanently affect the destinies of the American people, the Republican Senators preferred to risk a party schism to defeat the project which, in entire good faith, they regarded as a menace to the best interests of the United States, and indeed, of the world, which could only be injured by following this will-of-the-wisp into the morass of disaster in which Civilization now finds itself.

Even more unworthy is the suggestion that the opposition was actuated by a mean envy of President Wilson's laurels or a dislike of his personal methods. This phase of the matter, I do not care to discuss; for all Americans feel, without regard to their party opinions, a deep sorrow at the physical calamity that has befallen the President, and they are indisposed now to express the resentment which they once undoubtedly had as to the President's attempt to force the Covenant upon them by methods which, if they did not contradict the letter of the Constitution, certainly violated its spirit. Undoubtedly the attempt to defeat the prerogative of the Senate by interweaving the Covenant with the peace treaty did accentuate the opposition; but it

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is an altogether different proposition to suggest that this natural resentment against an extra-Constitutional method was due to any personal dislike of Mr. Wilson. The sooner that the French and British press, responsive to the suggestions of President Wilson's American newspaper organs, drop this line of argument, the better; for if the American Senate had felt that the Covenant could be accepted in the form adopted by the Paris Conference, they would have done so, without regard to their views with respect to the President's personality and methods. To assume otherwise is to impute to the American Senate, and indeed, to the American people, an unworthy and indeed ignoble attitude.

In attempting to interpret American public opinion, I have some reasons for my conclusions. I have just returned from a speaking tour throughout the United States, in which I traveled over seven thousand miles and addressed nearly thirty public meetings. It is difficult for any one to interpret public opinion in America unless he has had such an experience; for the country is a vast one, and that which is true of New York is not necessarily true of California. The impression made upon me in thus mingling with thousands of my fellow countrymen throughout the United States and covering a period of nearly three months was that the thoughtful people of America were deeply interested in the question, with a preponderating and swiftly increasing majority against any participation by the United States in such a proposed league. As the debate progressed in the Senate, a remarkable change of opinion took place. In some large cities, where, in February, it was impossible to organize a meeting to oppose the League, five months later the sentiment against it was overwhelming.

The swift reaction against further participation in European local questions was unmistakable, in no class more so than in that of the returning soldiers.

This last reaction is one of the tragic results of this misguided attempt to create a superstate. When the Armistice was signed, the American people had so far abandoned their former policy of so-called "splendid isolation" that they would have approved and welcomed a recognized *entente* between Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States. Never was the opportunity more auspicious. Unfortunately, too much was attempted. It is now obvious that the United States, while will-

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ing to be the helpful friend of her sister democracies, was not disposed to be a partner of a large number of nations, some democratic and some autocratic, and with some of whom she has scant sympathy. The greatest opportunity to combine the liberal and kindred democracies of the world into an effective *entente* has been largely wasted.

Especially deplorable is the effect of this misguided attempt upon Anglo-American relations. The maintenance of those relations is of more consequence than any league of nations. It may not be too much to say that the best hope of the world rests upon the friendly cooperation of the two great divisions of the English speaking race.

If this great *entente* did not rest upon a surer foundation than the Paris Peace Conference and the League of Nations, the thoughtful man could only despair of the future of civilization. Fortunately, even the folly of the League of Nations cannot destroy the strong foundation upon which the Anglo-French-American *entente* now rests. That foundation consists not only of kindred interests and ideals, which will inevitably make for cooperation; but upon the powerful, though sentimental, fact of the comradeship of arms. It is cemented by the blood of those who fell in battle and now sleep in France. No temporary differences or passing irritation can lastingly destroy the sacred blood comradeship of the great Alliance. The spirit that will preserve it was never more nobly voiced than by Abraham Lincoln in concluding his first great inaugural:

> We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

. . . . . .

JAMES M. BECK.

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JOURNALISM AND SERVICE

By SOLOMON BULKLEY GRIFFIN

"WHAT does the newspaper offer to a young person choosing his career?" is a question often asked. In replying there are many things to be thought about. There must be broad weighing of values. Especially must there be consideration of the individual predilections and tastes. If a young man or woman regards money and what it will bring as the most desirable thing in life, the answer is easy. Newspaper work is the last thing to be undertaken by such persons. In other professions—journalism is more and more becoming comparable with what were long termed "the learned professions"—as the years bring knowledge and accomplishments, the financial returns increase. Lawyers and specializing doctors, engineers, architects, professional men generally—clergymen excepted—in case they are competent, can count on getting more money as the years pass. What they have learned and practiced becomes capital that pays dividends. Not so of newspaper work that falls short of ownership in a paper. The newspaper worker may reach in comparatively early life the highest place on the editorial payroll. Having exhausted the possibilities on the money side, there he remains so far as pay goes. The aspirant who is doubtful in making choice of the line along which he will labor, should promptly discard the newspaper field of toil as too sterile and unattractive on the material side. Preeminently, helping to make newspapers is a toilsome life, where the possibilities of securing big financial returns are the poorest.

The saying that "poets are born, not made" applies in about equal measure to newspaper men. I have seen too much of newspaper offices and men who work in them not to know that the "nose for news," the instinctive and lasting love for ink, type and presses, is born with some men and women. Others may and do acquire the news instinct

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and familiarity with the things that enter into the production of newspapers, and such get on, but there is lacking with them the spur of compelling love for one's work, the thing that glorifies service. So the zest of a great and enduring joy is not theirs. Out of this understanding I have always advised young men who felt they could be happy in other callings to eschew the newspaper, knowing that the hardships it would impose must irk and depress them, and so results be narrowed.

Expert insight into the meaning of news needs to be sought and cultivated, but all are inclusively served with the World's news through co-operative effort. It is share and share alike when membership is gained in the most comprehensive news-collecting agency ever developed. The intent is to secure accurate, unbiased reporting, and that purpose is as nearly attained as it is possible for fallible human effort to bring it about. This means that a power beyond the reach of personal or governmental intrigue, and that is Argus eyed, keeps watch for the enlightenment and protection of the people. It is news that informs and stirs mankind, and every reporter should be proud of his calling and respect the obligations it imposes. There has been set on foot in countries of the Old World a like movement among newspapers for co-operative newsgetting that is likely to prove one of the chief agencies for promoting good government in this period of world rebuilding. In the launching of this departure overseas Melville E. Stone has been an inspiration and guide. The attainment of such collecting agencies should put old commercialized news agencies across the water out of business, and so lessen the output of tainted news.

But adventure and romance that appeal so powerfully and legitimately to the young, and to all who remain youthful in spirit, do not constitute the deeper part of newspaper life. They are incitements to growth and they yield many satisfactions along the way, but if the purpose to serve does not dominate the mind and heart the newspaper worker has fallen short of full stature. Consecration, devotion and willingness to sacrifice self must have large play as compelling forces in a life work that is to be potential for good. In this journalism does not offer an exception, but a surpassing opportunity. The ownership of a paper can obstruct, but never wholly block the resolve of the

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worker who means to serve the common weal as it is touched at all points by the newspaper, and to embrace every chance to do so. Often he will have to bide his time. All parts of the paper can be made to yield openings for social service and for presenting sound views of life.

Newspapers are no exception to the laws of growth. The theory that an endowed newspaper would produce the summit of excellence in journalism seems to me of doubtful foundation. Much striving lies back of every successful undertaking, and assured ease is not an incentive to striving. Endowed newspapers would by their nature be disposed to dullness, however lofty their aims, and so lose touch with most of us. Of significance in this connection is the fact that newspapers of every kind feel forced to appeal for patronage by professing devotion to the best interests of the people, even when such profession is mingled with a considerable measure of pretense. Of this selfish and venal kind of newspaper ownership there is too much when ownership has the power to dictate policies. But even then, saving grace can be and is put into such newspapers by men and women of character who contribute to filling their columns. Such workers will find their opportunity, be the fettering little or much, if patience and determined purpose be theirs. Statesmanship, which accomplishes results, learns to accept situations as they are and to make the best of them. So is it with life in a newspaper office. Honest resolve and resolute intent tell when diffused through the staff of any journal. In many an instance character and influence have thereby become stamped upon the product.

If newspaper workers are often shut up to making the best of whatever opportunity comes to them, what does this signify? They confront a law of growth that obtains in nature and in all human relationships as well. There is only one satisfactory way out:

> Act well your part, there all the honor lies—

and all progress as well.

But while one has faith, through knowledge of them, in the ability and willingness of the mass of newspaper workers to deal honorably and sensibly with the future of newspapers, what of some present tendencies and shortcomings in journalism? An editor who for a quarter of a century has done admirable work as a leader on an im-

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portant paper in a Western State, confesses to discouragement. He sees "the rising tide of sensationalism and fatuity engulfing the daily press." Taking note of something appearing in a trade publication in challenge of demoralizing tendencies in modern reportorial "color work," which too often pays scant regard to the newspaper's obligation to make a truthful picture of life, "its fluctuations and its vast concerns," this Western editor writes:

> I wonder if we are ever going to be able to get back to the old system of honest, straightforward reporting? The boys are now trained to write stories. It is almost impossible to secure from even the best reporters of the present day a good, sensible, serious account of a public meeting or any important event. They are striving all the time to make their stories picturesque and to show that they have a talent for descriptive work. One great curse of the business as it seems to me just now is the desire of newspaper writers to intrude their personality between the reader and the event they are covering. Does it not seem to you that the reputation of the daily newspaper has gone completely to "pot"? Sometimes I think the whole business has become hopelessly disrupted and needs a smashing revolution to put it on its feet again. But the churches, colleges, most of the professions and many lines of business are subject to the same general form of criticism from the public. Perhaps we are no worse than other professions, but does it not irk one who has spent his life in active newspaper work to feel that the thing he believed at one time to be a profession has degenerated to a mere trade and a mighty squalid trade at that?

Without falling into such depths of pessimism as this, —I have large respect for the journalism of the United States to-day and confidence in its future, despite all faults —many a newspaper man solicitous for his profession, thanks God that the Associated Press keeps faith with its mission of reporting things as they are, without distortion or undue personal intrusion. It would indeed be a universal misfortune if the tendencies that distress the Nebraska editor should ever extend to the roiling of this fountain head of news gathering. That will never be permitted so long as the leadership of the Associated Press continues to be in wise hands. Motley has its uses, but for daily wear it would become intolerable. News must be illuminated, both in reporting and editorial writing, but when reporters "are striving all the time to make their stories picturesque and show they have a talent for descriptive work," straightforward narration will fail of the consideration it merits. The honesty that distinguishes great

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work in literature, painting and all the arts carries suggestion to those who record history as it is passing. Much clarifying power flowed from the blue pencils of Dana and Bowles, masters of newspaper making, and regardful of perspective, good taste and the expert use of English. Our many Schools of Journalism can find profit in studying editing and reporting as they were exemplified by the New York *Sun* and the Springfield *Republican*. Telephones, typewriters and machine composition tend to promote carelessness in the preparation of copy and in proofreading. When the old niceties are preserved under the pressure of machine speed, it means that newspaper people are pouring out life blood in the process. That is the price to be paid for the best results in a newspaper office, and how many are cheerfully paying it!

Fortunate is the newspaper that possesses an atmosphere saturated with the purpose to render disinterested public service in a self-respecting way. Every worker may contribute to the creation and perpetuation of such an environment, and he or she can make no more important and helpful contribution to the future of journalism. Such an atmosphere can be made to permeate the entire establishment, and it is operative in calling out the finest qualities that reporters and editors and all the rest can bring to the paper. In such an office the rights of the reader are made paramount, and this proves a solvent of many problems in the writing and typographical presentation of the news. Under the sway of this basic point of view it is recognized that the average of popular intelligence is much above the demagogic conception of it, and that it pays for newspapers and politicians to deal sensibly and as adequately as may be with matters of public concern. There are happily many newspapers which afford standing illustrations of the applicability of this contention, as well as those that serve as flaming challengers of it. As a rule of newspaper conduct, too, it is safe to affirm that in the long run all problems, quite as much in the business office as in the editorial rooms, can be dealt with most advantageously by considering first the obligation to give the reader full measure of truthful, painstaking, bright service every day in the year. Newspapers were established for their readers and should be conducted for them. Nowhere is this better understood than by intelligent promoters of our

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highly organized modern system of publicity. Excellence in newspaper making gives advertising agents a business asset which they value. No owner or publisher, therefore, need fear that the best his editorial and news departments can produce will impair the prosperity of the paper, due regard being paid to the sympathetic portrayal of matters of interest to the people—and the wider the rcognized range of such interests, the better. There is high value, too, in a discriminatingly liberal use of well selected reading matter that entertains and informs, as Col. Nelson of the Kansas City *Star* so successfully demonstrated. There is loss in living too exclusively in the events of a day.

Newspapers face special necessity for worthy service as the staggering world seeks to recover its poise. Problems of surpassing acuteness, magnitude and moment must be given consideration, and out of the attitude of the people toward them will come results. Readjustment that is worth while is to be made by clinging to ideals worthy of those who have preserved to us opportunity to enlarge our faith in the ability of self-governing peoples to adjust themselves to changing conditions and enlarging human needs. A profession that lives and moves and has its being in the homes and offices and lives of the people is able, above all other agencies, to make them feel that sense of personal responsibility that will be necessary to carry us through.

Where is there an agency of service such as newspaper workers can command at this time and all times? Where else is there greater need for thought and care, for the best exercise of the finest human wit and conscience and intellectual and spiritual adequacy, in order that those who play upon this harp of a million strings shall do it worthily, to the benefit of their fellows and the glory of God?

SOLOMON BULKLEY GRIFFIN

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A SOLDIER AT THE SORBONNE

BY GEORGE BOAS

IF there is one thing we Americans must accept the blame for, it is the State University. There is nothing like it anywhere else in the world; it is thoroughly American. Early in February, 1919, by a lucky turn of fortune and the mismanagement of a detail I was to be assigned to, I was able to enter two of Monsieur Picavet's courses at the Sorbonne and one at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes. Having been an instructor for two years in the University of California, I was naturally interested in comparing this American product with its French counterpart. For they do stand for similar things in their communities; they practically sum up the spirits of them they serve. The University of California represents the ideals and satisfies the needs of the State of California. If you were to look for one institution most adequately typifying a State which achieved its grandeur by the efforts of gold seekers, you could do no better than to select that showy collection of buildings opposite the Golden Gate, in which everything native to the soil is hidden and even the architecture, pieced together from Italian bell-towers, Corinthian columns, and New York National Banks, reminds one of a civilization struggling to be born. And the Sorbonne in its sober and serious way at the side of the Collège de France and opposite the Musée de Cluny reminds one of the complicated and well-knit character of France.

When I went to Berkeley, after about twenty-two years of life on the Atlantic Coast, I was inspired and delighted. The armies of men and women students, the climate, the landscape, the business-like management, the friendliness of the people, all were of a sort bound to charm one whose Western frontier had previously been Grant's Tomb. It was my good fortune to work under a man whose high

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consideration for his subordinates made associating with him a pleasure. He gave me complete freedom in every way, allowed me to select my own text-books, encouraged me to lecture as I would, always looked for my Contributor's Clubs when they were due, liked to have me write in my spare moments, and agreed with me that the courses we had to give were a dreadful mistake, and that it was lucky for the higher life that we were giving them rather than some pair of solemn idiots who would believe in their ultimate importance. The colleague with whom I shared my office taught dramatics and used to imitate Gadski singing the *Erlkönig,* with an accompaniment on his desk top. He could do the whole opera of *Faust*—Gounod's of course—including the ballet, and particularly loved to do it as a round-shouldered seeker after truth would sit down for a conference with me. He was so friendly that he insisted on keeping my card on the door even after the Administration had penalized me for going to war. My best friend was that finest of philosophic minds who had read my papers in Phil.I when Royce gave it. Berkeley in those days seemed to me a promised land.

In the same way, as I entered Monsieur Picavet's course in the first six centuries of philosophic thought during the Christian era, and shook hands with my professor who had actually known Taine, and watched six young women and twelve young men seat themselves, young men including a sailor from Brittany, an officer of the Chasseurs with a green and yellow fourragère and a medal of the Legion of Honor, a private of the twenty-second section of the General Staff, and a priest with the Croix de Guerre, my heart felt lighter and I was gladder than ever that the armistice had been signed. I was back at the work which belonged to me, work of which I was part and parcel, work to which I knew I would devote my life and to which I actually did devote exactly two months and twenty days before abandoning it, as it now seems, forever.

Here, too, as in Berkeley, the people were delightful. No one remarked on the odd spectacle of a male person with Aide-de-Camp's insignia on his collar, an Indian's head on his left shoulder, and shiny spurs on his russet boots, carrying a volume of Plotinus in Greek and Latin under his arm. My professor gave me a quiet little room in the Annexe to the Collège de France,

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lent me Bouillet's French translation of Plotinus—lest my Greek had become rusty during my military service—and always treated me as an authority on things American, from the development of religious tolerance to the ceremonies of initiation among the Hurons. The Chasseur was making a study of evidences of Aristotelianism in St. Augustine or something of that sort, and loved Gregorian chants and d'Indy. And then there were the other men, each of whom had had a share of active service and had now returned for his examinations. Their cordiality was reminiscent of a finer civilization, wherein the society of nations was real, bound together not by political and commercial aims and by the hope of aggrandisement, but by a common religion and a common hunger for knowledge. At all times, even when our officers were making themselves most thoroughly unpopular in Paris, though our political philosophies may have been hopelessly antagonistic, our community of intellectual interests held us together.

So far my experiences at entering Berkeley were being repeated. But here, as the novels say, all resemblance stopped.

The people who were so charming at Berkeley were members of the faculty. Honest as my students were, they were not on the whole the sort who could love Epictetus and Irving Berlin at the same time. Everyone of my friends at the Sorbonne could have done both. They were not so intellectually straight-laced; they were not highbrows. At any rate, those with whom I talked read Félicien Champsaur as well as Anatole France and were quite as capable of saying that Gerbert was a *type épatant* as that Henri Becque was an analyst who relied more upon words than upon real distinctions. My students in California would have read either Champsaur or Anatole France, but never both. To them it would have seemed trivial to speak of an intellectual pioneer and a pope as a *type épatant;* they would never have dreamed of discussing Monsieur Becque's art, they would have discussed his heroines. They were consistent people, either all black or all white, which leads one to reflect that Jack Spratt and his spouse were probably French.

What made my California students so dreadfully consistent? Why was it that they seemed to feel the various

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interests in life to be antagonistic rather than complementary? Why was it so strange to them that a good football player should possibly be a good economist? And why were they largely in the right?

Because, I believe, the university as they knew it made for specialization by its very liberality. When a man can do what he likes, and if he is fairly mature, he becomes individualistic and narrow. He is egoistic like a spoiled child. A University which offers at the same time advanced courses in Ice Cream Making and in Indo-Germanic philology, in Millinery and in Hegel, is likely to be so catholic that it has no educational policy at all. Anyone who has ever taught in such a delightful place knows the chaos which prevails at registration time when an irresistible creature in a yellow silk sweater just *has* to find two more units and wonders if your course in Inorganic Chemistry wouldn't do. He knows that although no subjects are required, units are—or used to be—and that consequently a student studies units and not subjects. Nor does it seem to matter what those units are. To be sure I never mastered the system—it is doubtful whether anyone ever did, for there were in my time junior certificates and certain vaguely defined entrance requirements and all that, which have now been swept aside as relics of an earlier day, a day of standards and discipline. But one will recognize the event and its significance and agree that we have turned out a rather too solemn cohort of ill-educated prigs who are narrow and very unhealthy and often rude, but so proud of their specialty and their Teutonic *grundlichkeit.*

Superficially there is again a resemblance herein to the Sorbonne. No entrance requirements are thrust on one, one can get a liberal education from the *Cours Publics.* But for such a butterfly existence one is not ceremoniously made a Bachelor of Arts. If it is a question of a degree, there are examinations galore. Little books are for sale which tell you all about them. I used to read them over in the Librairie Larousse and gloat over my doctorate. No one ever forced me to take an examination; if I did not want a degree, that was my own affair. But the University of Paris did not decide that anything I took in sufficient quantity warranted my getting a degree. It did not decide furthermore that a Bachelor of Science was an expert hog-raiser simply because the Minister of Agricul-

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ture in his turn decided that hogs were necessary to the life of the State.

In California, or in any American State University, if there were sufficient interest in knitting, courses would be given in it. But people would not become Bachelors of Knitting, but Bachelors of Arts, majoring in Knitting. In France, Knitting might claim its adherents, and it is possible that the Minister of Public Instruction might found an Institut National de Tricotage. He might even affiliate it with the University. But he would never dream of giving an *agrégation* in Knitting nor a *Docteur ès Lettres* in Knitting. That is French conservatism. It consists of inventing new names for new things. Californian radicalism consisted in calling new things by old names and hence preventing all discussion. One never knows what a degree means in this country. A woman can go to Teachers College at Columbia for four years and study design and come out a Bachelor of Science. Another can go to Berkeley and write a long paper on the *Persuasive Effect of Open Vowels in Congressional Debate* and discover that she's a Doctor of Philosophy. There is no harm in studying design and the persuasive effect of any or all vowels, and I have no intention of suggesting that there is. The harm lies in an Administration's permitting and encouraging a poor girl to think that her work on Public Speaking is identical with someone else's in Logic, when the only similarity is the amount of time spent on them.

In Paris one notices the relegation of broad backgrounds to the *Cours Publics*. The *conférences* are for students and go into detail. Monsieur Picavet literally spent weeks on the question of how the doctrines of Plotinus were disseminated throughout the Western world. In a broad background course this information could and would have been conveyed in five minutes. But for purposes of scholarship, if one is really to know something of the history of the reflective imagination, it is just as important to know how a man living at one end of the world could influence a man living many years later at the other end as it is to know that the two held similar views. It is not enough to face similarity in thought; there is also the problem of how the similarity got there. But that is dull and does not come into a broad background. Monsieur Picavet's six women and twelve men, however, dull as it

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was, gritted their teeth and went at it. It was beautiful to see them.

As a result of our broad backgrounds, our students do seem more able to generalize and to talk of movements and currents and tendencies. The French students I met seemed to spend more time on individuals. Whereas our student gets wildly excited over associationist psychology, the French student, as far as I know him, talks about Mill. To him a movement seems to be known by the men who made it; to us the men are known by the movements they sponsored. It is no question here of judging between the two habits of thought, for both have peculiar merits. The man who talks in general terms is likely not to be bewildered by a new name; but on the other hand he is likely to overlook essential differences between men and to leap to conclusions. He becomes impetuous and sometimes shallow. The man who deals in individuals, who treats every thinker first by himself and then by his relations to other thinkers, knows at least one thing thoroughly and doesn't assume the burden of proof borne by the generalizer. He doesn't talk wildly and extravagantly. But at the same time he runs the risk of limiting his vision.

When I say that the French student is interested in individuals and the American in principles, I do not mean either to make a sweeping statement covering all members of both classes nor yet to push the distinction too far. But it is typical to see a Frenchman start with a man like Condillac, examine his philosophy minutely, and after the examination seek to show its relation to materialism in general.

A French professor will take a text from Lamartine and develop a whole system of philosophy out of it. An American will take a system of philosophy and reduce it to a few texts. I was talking about this the other day to a Frenchman and he agreed that it was true, pointing out, however, that French thought, particularly in the field of literary criticism, was of both types. In Sainte-Beuve one finds the finest sort of criticism beginning with the individual; in Taine and in Brunetière one finds the opposite tendency, treating individuals as incidents in the history of thought, as not so very important incidents either. But, as my French friend said to me, "of course Taine is less French in his manner than English."

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Now every Frenchman would not agree that Taine was anything but French; every Frenchman, though, would most decidedly agree that Sainte-Beuve was nothing if not French.

Taine's manner is not so much English as it is a false Hegelianism. And our manner, too, is, I believe, a result of our devotion to German education. German education may be very good in its way even if it does drive most of the German children to suicide—perhaps because it does. But it swamps the human being in an ocean of generality. Windelband's *History of Philosophy* moves along with scarcely a word about the Philosophers. They are out of place there, stuck off in small print like naughty children with their faces to the wall. That Plato had anything to do with the formulation of his ideas seems a heresy to Herr Windelband. His ideas were born of Socrates's. This is no place to engage in a discussion of historical method, but any American student of philosophy will recognize the school in which he was trained.

Unfortunately this school has grown attractive to the American student. I have seen him in four universities worshipping. It is very strange: we are supposed to be abnormally practical but we take to unfounded theory like fish to water. I have heard of men in Royce's class in metaphysics give an account of his doctrine with him present which must have made that most practical of philosophers doubt the testimony of his ears. But the amusing thing is that the American critic doesn't think Royce is practical, although the bulk of his work is on everyday problems, and he ended his life with a series of books on insurance in which even insurance experts could see nothing hazy. We almost unanimously misunderstood Royce, because he was original and had his ear to the ground. By the same token we hailed James as the most utterly American thinker we had, forgetting Emerson. His theory, we said, was practical and full of horse-sense. But James had nothing to say on American problems and Royce wrote a volume on them. James, though he gave a semblance of intellectual shrewdness by the use of homely phrases and picturesque figures of speech, is really so hopelessly abstract that not even pragmatists can understand him. And I hope no one will attempt to.

A Frenchman in the university is not allowed to grow

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petty because of his interest in individuals. For when he comes up for his examinations, he is called upon to generalize and to expand, and he fails miserably unless he sees the doctrine above the man. In an American examination, the reverse is often the case, and the man who knows general facts and no particulars—who knows what he has been taught, alas—is bound to fail. And the instructor who asks for them is also bound to fail. But this difference is not radical, for the scholars of both nations have too much sense to overemphasize one manner of study.

The fundamental difference between the University of California and the Sorbonne is not, as I saw it, the quality of student nor the quality of teacher. These differences exist, but they are relatively unimportant, and will lessen as our West buys better books and stops listening to cranks. The fundamental difference is the quality of educational policy. This is too big a subject to be treated here, but I may say that no institution of learning can hope to justify itself unless knowledge be its aim. The Sorbonne has that aim, the Collège de France has that aim, the Ecole des Hautes Etudes has that aim. The University of California or of any other State has not that aim and does not pretend to. It exists for other ends entirely. It tries to improve the agricultural product, and the average home and the industrial output. But it thinks it cannot realize this fine programme by a simple homely procedure. It does not see far enough and does not appreciate the fact that the older university is carrying out its very modern plan without trouble and without expense. Thus the University of Paris holds a real place of honor in the community, whereas our expensive collections of professors and classrooms and young people mean nothing and are a problem in themselves. Having no common aim their work degrades; subjected to a narrow political group their growth is checked; hampered in their search for truth, they seek relief in rebellion, and achieve little more than the discredit of learning and instruction as a career.

GEORGE BOAS

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STUDENTS AT CAMP UPTON

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

"I HOPE, sir, that I shall be able to learn to read and write while I am here."

It was a stalwart young man, of twenty-four or twenty-five, who said it; with a wistfulness and a pathos that the words alone fail to convey. He was a native of Florida; of Anglo-Saxon stock; with half a dozen generations of American ancestors. Legally, he would be eligible to the Presidency of the United States. And in the early years of the twentieth century, in the country which boasts the greatest free school system in the world, he had grown to manhood unable to read or write his native tongue.

"Where were you born?" my friend the Major asked in passing another young man, who was laboriously writing a few simple words in an unformed, childish hand, but regarding them with something of the pride which the sculptor feels at liberating the hidden angel from the block of stone. "In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, sir," he replied. "Did you never go to school when you were a child?" "Not a day, sir, until I came here." "Why not?" "Well, sir, my mother died when I was nine days old, and my father when I was four years; and—I had to make my living." And so, almost within the shadow of Independence Hall, he was permitted to grow to manhood unable to read the Declaration that made that Hall famous.

"Why did you come here?" I asked another. "Well, sir, it was like this. Up in Michigan, where I was born, I could scarcely make a living. You see, sir, I had never had a chance to learn to read and write, and so the only work I could get was shoveling sand or something like that. And I had to have foreigners, sir, who weren't even citizens of the United States, bossing me and getting three or four times my pay, just because they could read and write and I

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couldn't. So I came here, sir, for they told me that here I could learn to read and write."

Such were the testimonies, given by the score and hundred, all through that memorable autumn afternoon. There were there hundreds of Americans citizens, many of them of long American descent. And they were, or had been a few weeks or months before, illiterate. In our piping days of peace and prosperity, in our days of non-militarism, with the army reduced to a skeleton and no thought of rational preparedness even for defence, in the days when the schoolmaster was abroad and, in Brougham's words, we trusted to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array, when we were boasting on the Fourth of July of our unrivalled system of universal, free, popular education—in those days, these men were growing up illiterate, unable to sign their names or to read the Constitution of the United States.

Then there were along with them some other hundreds; men not native to the soil, but immigrants from more different lands than were to be numbered in the League of Nations. Arron Cless, from Transylvania; Hussein Bermahnd, from Morocco; Jan Fajkowski, from Poland; Fermin Manrique, from Venezuela; Konstantines Michopetros, from Greece; Antonio Rizzo, from Argentina; Salvatore Palmitore, from Italy; Ignatz Schopinski, from Russia; Boty Kalcheff, from Bulgaria; Kusti Franti, from Sweden; Jose Benitez, from Spain; Stephen Bognar, from Hungary; John Jukica, from Austria; Antony Coite, from Algeria; John Arends, from the Netherlands; Armando Eguilus, from Mexico; Sylvester Bachunas, from Lithuania; Michael Myatowych, from Dalmatia—representatives in all of forty-three different races or nationalities. Some had been brought hither in childhood; some had come hither in young manhood. Under our benign system of open door, or open house, we had welcomed them all, and then neglected them. They had come hither as aliens, and we had suffered them to remain aliens, unable to read or write a word of our national language, and therefore unable to acquaint themselves with our history and our laws, or even with the printed records of current events, save as such information was filtered to them scantily and too often inaccurately through an alien medium. Incidentally, we were also preparing ourselves intelligently to

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wonder and reasonably to complain at their failure to become thoroughly Americanized and assimilated, and at the ominous growth of Socialism, Communism, Bolshevism and what not among them.

But now these, native and foreign born alike and together, were learning to read and write the English language, promptly, practically, thoroughly. How, where, and why?

Ninety years before, Brougham had said, as already quoted: "The soldier can do nothing in our day. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array." The schoolmaster is still abroad, very much more than Brougham's utmost vision scanned when he made his confident boast. But the relations between the schoolmaster and the soldier are very different from those which Brougham anticipated.

For the schoolmaster had quite failed these men, of whom I am writing, and they were being cared for instead by the soldier. They were themselves soldiers. They were getting, because they were soldiers, the instruction which the schoolmaster had neglected to give them. They had become soldiers largely in order that they might thus learn. Not one of them, probably, would ever have learned to read and write English if he had not become a soldier. For this was the Recruit Educational Centre at Camp Upton that I was visiting, and in which I was thus finding human clods transformed into intelligent men, mere brawn endowed with brain.

"Oh, well," says somebody, "it is not surprising that in a nation of a hundred and ten millions there are a few hundreds of illiterates to be found."

A few hundreds! If that were all! For significant as was this spectacle before me, still more significant was the cause that had led to its existence. It was the failure of the schoolmaster to meet the vital necessities of the nation, or the failure of the nation to utilize him for meeting those necessities, which had literally compelled the camp to take up the work of the classroom, the army to become an academy. For years we had been boasting of the intelligence of the nation, and of a percentage of illiteracy so small as to be negligible. The census reports were flattering, of course. It is "as easy as lying" for an illiterate to

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answer " Yes " when the canvasser asks " Can you read and write?" He is not required to prove it by the act. But when the great war came on and we had to summon soldiers to fight for the nation's life, there was a different showing. The examining boards under the conscription act were not content with such facile question and answer. They got the facts. And the appalling fact that they found out was that of the young men of military age in the United States, so far at least as the national language was concerned, about one in every four was illiterate. To be exact, 24.9 per cent of them were unable to read the Constitution of the United States or an American newspaper, or to write a letter in English to the folks at home.

It was a serious situation. Under the law of 1889, enacted in time of peace and self-glorification, a man could not be enlisted in the army unless he could speak, read and write the English language. But the blistering, damning fact was that there were not enough men with such knowledge of English to fill up the quotas of the army. We had either to accept illiterates, or to go without the soldiers who were needed imperatively to fight the Hun. There could of course be no hesitation in such a matter, and so an emergency law was passed, under which there were enrolled hundreds of thousands of men who could not read nor write, and many of whom could not speak, the language of the nation.

Then it was that a member of the General Staff, Lieutenant-Colonel Bernard Lentz,—it would scarcely be exaggeration to add, *clarum et venerabile nomen!*—conceived the scheme of the Development Battalion, and organized and directed it. The purpose of that extraordinary body was to couple up a course of elementary instruction in English with the necessary instruction in military affairs. The idea was to give the men after they had enlisted the qualification which the law—before the emergency act—had required them to have before enlisting. During the war such a battalion was formed in every camp in the country, and it was found that in them in three months or less the men learned English sufficiently to enable them to receive, understand, execute and transmit verbal or written orders, and to read and understand drill regulations as printed in soldiers' handbooks, and therefore, of course, any ordinary book, newspaper or other printed matter in

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the English language—three months or less from illiteracy to literacy!

Now Colonel Lentz was able not alone to devise and to execute this great work, but also—which is most to the present point—to appreciate its results and their potential significance to the army and to the nation. The work had been done to meet an emergency in time of war. Why not continue it, to meet an emergency in time of peace, the emergency which every nation must meet when it finds a quarter of its young men illiterate. He saw no reason why the work of the Development Battalion should cease with the ending of the war, or why the physical, mental and moral benefits which had accrued from it because of the war should not be continued indefinitely in time of peace.

His plan was to establish in each army camp a Recruit Education Centre, in which to give instruction to illiterate Americans and to aliens ignorant of the language and principles of the country. This would of course necessitate the repeal of the act of 1889, which ruled all such men out of the army. It took him about six weeks to convince the Secretary of War and the Chief of the General Staff that it was worth while to make the experiment, and to get permission to open such an Education Centre at Camp Upton. The Centre was opened on May 1 last. In September following a little company of twenty-eight graduates of the school went "on the road" to show the practical results of the work. The twenty-eight included representatives of fourteen different nationalities. On May 1 not one of them had been able to read or write a word of English, or knew anything of military drill or tactics. In September, before multitudes of critical spectators in the chief cities east of the Mississippi River, they displayed the bearing and performed the evolutions of veteran soldiers, and in addition a competent mastery of both spoken and printed English speech. Illiterate "rookies" had in four months become accomplished soldiers and intelligent men.

That is the work that is being done at Camp Upton. But that is not all. These men are being made not only well-trained soldiers, but American soldiers; not only intelligent men, but intelligent American citizens.

These men are being endowed with American minds, and taught to think American thoughts, and to look at things from an American point of view. For they learn

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not only the traditional three R's, but also history and geography, especially American, and civics—the fundamental principles of American government and political, industrial and social organization. They are led to take an intelligent American view, not alone of historical facts but also of current events and conditions. Note how they deal with the "dismal science" of political economy:

He was, I believe, an Italian. He listened with rapt attention to a discussion of the high cost of living, and strikes, and what not else, dawning appreciation kindling in his face till at last it blazed forth in words:

"I see! I see! I get two dollar a day. Not enough. So I strike, get four dollars; twice as well off as before. Pretty soon fellow in shop across the street, he strikes too. He get four dollars. Some other fellows strike; all get more wages. So many strikes, so little work done, things get scarce, prices go up. Pretty soon when I go to buy things, my four dollars not buy as much as two did. Strike no good!"

And I thought, What a pity that some officers of labor unions and Members of Congress could not for three months be "rookies" at Camp Upton!

What do the men think of it? One of the staff said to me at Upton, in the presence of two or three-score of the student-rookies: "If there's anything wrong with the food, the men grumble. If their clothes are not right, they kick. But if there's any cutting down or slackening of school work, there's a riot!" And the men standing around heard him, and vigorously smiled and nodded assent. And as dusk was falling at the close of a November day in which, since morning, the men had been hard at work, studying, reciting, drilling, marching and countermarching in review, a day's work that would have driven both the "grinds" and the football squad of a college to revolt, or to collapse, I saw hundreds of the men, physically so weary that only military pride kept them from drooping, resolutely clinging to their desks and seeking the last words of instruction, and finally leaving the school rooms with manifest reluctance and regret when the over-wearied teachers were compelled to dismiss them for the day.

What do they think of it? There was one, a Dane; who "took a day off" and went up to New York. Coming back, he brought six of his countrymen, who because of

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what he had told them of the army wanted to join it too. "Good work!" commented his commanding officer; "Glad to have you keep it up." "I could bring a lot more, sir," he replied, "but—well, sir, I can't afford it." "Can't afford it? What do you mean?" "Why, sir, it costs me so much for their railroad fares down here!" The officer promptly assured him that a way would be found to relieve him of such expenses for all the men he might bring, and then suggested that he might take a furlough, to give him a well-earned vacation from camp work and also an opportunity for recruiting work. But his countenance fell. "Please, sir, I thank you; but—no furlough. It would keep me out of school so long!"

The army, you see, is a very wicked and disgraceful thing. It is the embodiment of mere physical force, as opposed to intellectual and spiritual forces. It is, according to our Pacifist friends, distinctly brutalizing in its tendencies. A soldier, according to our Socialist friends, is essentially a brute; in the lowest possible scale of humanity. What better demonstration of these propositions could be found than those which I found at Camp Upton?

The men at Upton, and at all the other camps, if only the Government will provide for the perpetuation and extension of the system, will many of them at the end of three years return to civil life. They left it illiterate and inefficient; they will return to it literate and efficient. They left it aliens; they will return to it Americans. And but for the three months or more at Upton and three years in the army they would remain all their lives what they were before, illiterate, inefficient, aliens. Is it not worth while, just for their own sake, to do this thing? And is it not worth while a thousand fold to do it for the sake of the innumerable others whom they will influence? For every one of these men, returning to civil life, will be an evangelist of intelligence and of Americanism, in those very *partibus infidelium* which we have smugly and inhumanly permitted to be developed within our own borders.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

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AMERICA AND EUROPE IN RECONSTRUCTION

BY JEROME LANDFIELD

OF the general breakdown of the European economic machine, Mr. F. A. Vanderlip not long ago drew a dark picture. It is possible that his picture was overdrawn in the effort to rouse America to action; but if the colors are too sombre at the present moment, they will not remain so if the present disorganization is not speedily and effectively dealt with.

Upon the heels of Mr. Vanderlip's statement came a call to action from Mr. H. P. Davison, who presented a rough sketch of a plan of relief. Mr. Vanderlip and Mr. Davison are both men of vision, and perhaps they may stir up our provincially-minded Americans to meet the situation without delay.

Our interest in reconstruction in Europe is not merely concerned with the problem of how those war-worn and disorganized peoples may regain a state of prosperity that will enable them to pay off their financial obligations to us. There are two other important considerations involved. We must find a market to absorb our surplus production. Otherwise we shall face a period of business depression, curtailment of industry, unemployment, and labor unrest. Further: if Europe does not speedily reconstruct its economic life and provide its people with employment, there is danger of an inundation of Bolshevism which will menace all civilization.

Both Mr. Vanderlip and Mr. Davison realize that America, because she has suffered little from the war and because of her vast amount of capital and her enormous productivity, must play the leading part in European reconstruction, and that this part must be played on a scale that transcends individual interests, and disregards the relative financial responsibility of different countries and their

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attractiveness as measured by ordinary standards of investment and credit. Both of these experts, however, seem to think that credits, if extended in sufficient amount for sufficient time, will serve as a panacea for the ills of Europe.

This is well as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. Credit alone will not start industry. Those who were manufacturers before the war face many other problems today. Their trained workmen were drawn into the army or into the munition plants. Many were killed, and more were permanently disabled. For four long years no fresh men have come forward to serve their apprenticeship and become skilled workmen in various lines of industry. Any manufacturer who would start his factory again faces the problem of assembling and training new workmen. Then, too, the manufacturer must face the question of obtaining raw materials, of machine repair, of markets under the changed conditions of credit and exchange; and, above all, be confronted with new psychological and social factors in his labor problem. He does not know upon what to count, or how to estimate the probable success of his venture. If he cannot do this, there is little encouragement for him to begin afresh and risk his remaining capital. It is easy to talk of patriotic industrialists starting up production again, but they need more than patriotism. They need to see how they can surmount practical difficulties and make their individual enterprises successful.

Probably the greatest brake upon the progress toward economic reconstruction in Europe today is socialistic theory. If times were normal and industrial production were proceeding in its accustomed channels, it might be possible to introduce many innovations and try many experiments of a socialistic character without endangering the welfare and the very existence of millions of people. A strong and healthy man can stand many a strain and hard knock to which the invalid would succumb. Europe today is an invalid, and to try out upon her prostrate body new social and economic experiments, would spell disaster. She has need, as never before, of executive brains and labor discipline. Anything that tends to discourage the initiative of enterprise and management, or that seeks to substitute for it workingmen's control, with its ignorance and its costly mistakes, threatens the continued existence of her

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peoples. Those men in all countries who are carrying on socialistic agitation—who are persuading workingmen that they can dispense with capitalistic brains, that industrial plants are rightfully their property, and that they are competent to carry on the processes of industry themselves—are threatening the economic future of the world.

The great source of this infection today is Bolshevik Russia. If the workmen of Europe and America could but get a clearer picture of the ruin wrought in that unhappy land by the attempt to put into practice such ideas, they would be cured once and for all of the dangerous delusions that are being spread so malevolently. On the contrary, they are taught that the Soviet system has produced an earthly paradise, concerning which a venal press is circulating lies to protect the interests of its capitalistic supporters.

But Russia is bound up with European reconstruction in another way. Mr. Davison, in his brief analysis of the European situation and America's relation thereto, did not go far enough. While America, as a great reservoir of capital and as a great producer, must take upon herself the task of financing European trade and industry, there is another indispensable factor. Russian reconstruction is an absolutely necessary prerequisite to European reconstruction.

Leaving out of consideration for the moment the labor question and the problem of credit, Europe needs, obviously, two things: food and raw materials. Both of these she can obtain in large measure from America, but under conditions that do not permit the completion of the economic cycle and at ruinous rates of exchange. Before the war, Russia produced food and raw materials for Europe, and then furnished a market for her manufactures. If Europe is to be fed, order must be restored in Russia and agricultural production resumed; only so can Russia's own people be fed; only so can they be placed again in a position to purchase the products of the factories of Europe.

The first step, therefore, in any comprehensive plan for European reconstruction, is to help Russia. This vast territory, with its unexampled resources and its many millions of inhabitants, is today suffering from a disease that is all the more dangerous and debilitating because it has been allowed to go on so long unchecked. If it continues, a hundred million people will be reduced to a state of moral

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degradation that will threaten the whole world with its infection. If, on the other hand, American capital and American enterprise are directed to the restoration of Russian agriculture, and to the Russian production of raw materials, Europe can be saved.

What are the conditions that confront us in this great work? In any country, that portion of the population which possesses brains and energy bears the responsibility for cultural and economic development. In Russia this element was not numerous in proportion to the mass, and now its numbers have been fearfully reduced. Many have been ruthlessly slaughtered, many are in hiding, many are refugees in the freed portions of Russia or in foreign lands. But upon them alone rests the future of Russia, if she is to emerge from her present chaos. They are united in a patriotic effort in the East, the North, and the South, to recover their native land from the blighting tyranny of the Bolsheviki. They must first of all be given full support, both because of the necessities of the future, and in recognition of their loyalty, at such heavy cost, to the Allied cause.

Those portions of Russia which have been recovered must be immediately supplied with implements and equipment necessary for the resumption of agricultural industry, and this must include the simple manufactured articles of which the peasants stand in dire need. Next to this must come the rehabilitation of the railroads and the resumption of coal and oil production. Afterward must follow the resumption of the iron, copper, and other industries, and the production of Turkestan cotton. All this involves large, long-term credits, and the investment of vast capital.

The alternative is manifest. The only Europeans who have made an intensive study of Russia and know how to deal with her are the Germans. Russia will eventually awake from her present nightmare. Lacking American assistance and support, alienated by our policy, the new Russia will turn to Germans for technical and organizing service. The Germans will know how to put an end to disorder in Russia, and they will also know how to marshal all the resources and man-power of the country to their own profit. It is the very opportunity that is sought by a defeated Germany. While England, France and Italy are struggling slowly along toward reha-

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bilitation, Germany will forge ahead, and in a few short years will acquire the power necessary to take her revenge.

Germany's plan before the war was well thought out and definite. In its simplest form it was as follows: The Russian empire contains the greatest area of undeveloped resources in the world, together with 150,000,000 of cheap labor, ignorant and docile. If Russia be allowed to develop for itself and marshal its forces as an independent state, it will in time become a menace to Germany's ambitions and even to her safety. The solution of the problem is to import food and raw materials from Russia, and then to make Russia the great market for her manufactured products, thus giving full employment to Germany's capital and technical equipment, while keeping Russia in economic serfdom. Furthermore, it is important that even in Russia's raw material industries, German management and direction should be supreme. To this end, Germany studied Russia intensively, and succeeded in understanding her as no other country did. By diplomacy, by intrigue, by corruption, Germany exercised a potent influence over the Imperial Government. She was able to force the making of a commercial treaty by which Russia sold her birthright. It was her policy to keep Russian labor ignorant, and therefore tractable. It was her interest to keep other foreigners out, or block their efforts to operate in Russia.

Her ingenious schemes were temporarily interrupted by the war. Now she has begun anew, and her plans, changed in some respects to meet the altered conditions, are moving forward as if directed by the master minds of a General Staff. First she breaks the Russian military power by propaganda and by clever support of successive revolutionary movements, culminating in the triumph of Bolshevism. This has reduced Russia to social and economic chaos, and has at the same time, in accordance with her designs, eliminated the intelligent class from Russia.

The Allies at Paris helped forward the German plans amazingly. In the first place, they have despoiled Russia, their ally, more grievously than did the Germans in the infamous Brest-Litovsk treaties. They have flirted with the Soviet Government. They have alienated every patriotic Russian. And as the final outcome, there seems to be a sinister understanding that Germany is to recoup her losses out of Russia in order to pay her indemnities.

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In this *démarche* certain international bankers are Germany's agents. In Germany the dominant power has been that of the great industrialists and financiers. The Junkers were merely their accomplices. Their partners and associates abroad know well how to manipulate ingenuous statesmen and turn them to their purpose. The war was lost for them in a military sense, and their problem now is how to win the peace. The terms to Germany are hard, and of course they must protest loudly; but Austria and Russia have been broken up, and the insecure little states that have been set up must, in all probability, fall under the economic sway of Germany.

This is how the situation stands today. European reconstruction depends upon Russian reconstruction as its *sine qua non,* because rehabilitation is out of the question without Russian food and raw materials. If Russian reconstruction becomes a German task, Germany will be able to pay her indemnity; but in doing so, she will become the most powerful nation in Europe, and will at the same time have at her disposal not only enormous economic resources,—against which Western Europe cannot compete,—but also reserves of men for military purposes that run into the millions: men whom the Germans know how to handle, and who will be imbued with the conviction that the Allies are their enemies, because, in spite of their terrible sacrifices for the Allied cause, they found themselves deserted and despoiled.

There is but one way out, and that is for America to do her part, and do it quickly. The loyal and constructive forces in Russia, upon whom the future of Russia rests, must be given aid in unstinted measure in order to recover their country and to organize its prosperity.

We are confronting a problem that involves not only the future of America, but the future of civilization.

JEROME LANDFIELD.

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"WITH KINDLY CONSIDERATION"

BY BASIL M. STEVENS

"Q. IF a man entered your house and attempted to assault your wife would you fight to defend your wife?

"A. I would try to persuade him not to do so.

"Q. But if he persisted would you fight?

"A. I would not fight."

Questions and answers of this tenor are familiar to all men, who, while in the Army, had anything to do with the so-called conscientious objectors.

"Q. Do you believe in Governments?" asked Senator McKellar of Tennessee.

"A. I believe in the elimination of classes. When that has been done there will be no need of government. I am against violence in all forms."

The above is part of the testimony, before the Senate Labor and Education Committee, of Jacob Margolis, an I. W. W. attorney in Pittsburgh, who declared that he was "against God, Government and Church," and that he did not believe in wages or profits.

He had actively opposed the passage of the selective service law, and confessed to having been arrested, but subsequently released, upon a charge of conspiracy to obstruct the operation of that law. "I favor all strikes," he said. "I welcome the feeling of unrest."

The New York *Times,* on October 18, 1919, published a report of the Deputy State Attorney General of New York State, made upon the completion of a survey of the radical publications in New York City. In this, he stated that these publications were largely subsidized by the well-to-do New York parlor radicals, who "*are in general the same people who subsidized the pro-German propaganda and furnished the money for the pacifist, peace-at-any-price campaigns and contributed to the cause of the conscientious objectors.*" The keynote of these publications was declared to be the advocating of "the overthrow of the present

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system of Government, the abolition of the wage system, and dictatorship of the proletariat."

The public, as a rule, thinks of "Conscientious Objectors" as isolated instances of cowardice, but the writer, while serving as Assistant Trial Judge Advocate of a General Court-Martial, and as an assistant to the Camp Judge Advocate at Camp Funston, for nearly six months, became convinced that many men, who during the war, claimed to be conscientious objectors, were, in reality members of the I. W. W. and kindred organizations.

The growth of this element of unrest, classified as International Socialists, Humanitarians, etc., has been made possible by the vacillation and procrastination, if not actual encouragement, upon the part of those, whose duty it is to firmly suppress their activities. Instead of a definite and unyielding policy concerning the treatment of these agitators, there has been a conciliatory attitude towards their machinations.

This leniency enabled these people, during the war, to organize a gigantic conspiracy, and to perfect an organization in such a manner that they were able to reach the foundations of one of the most important departments of our Government. The essential purpose of the Espionage Law was to prevent persons from obstructing and embarrassing the Government in the prosecution of the war; yet those so engaged were aided and abetted, directly or indirectly, in the violation of this statute by some one or more persons connected with the War Department.

Though not agreeing with his viewpoint, one can find no fault with the real religious conscientious objector who accepted the non-combatant service offered him, and who adhered to all regulations made to govern his conduct. There was, however, another kind of objector, called, "conscientious" by the War Department, but who, in reality, was an "obstructionist."

The writer, a Democrat, in narrating the following facts, has considered no rumors, no suppositions and no guesses, but writes with knowledge obtained from personal familiarity with official orders and communications of the War Department, heretofore published in the newspapers, together with personal knowledge of obstructionists gained while prosecuting 100 of them. These were men who had refused to do any military service, to do any kind of work,

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or to even wear the uniform, and who claimed exemption from any kind of service, for alleged religious reasons and as believers in International Socialism, Socialism, Humanitarianism, etc.

While in the guard house, awaiting trial, one of these obstructionists wrote:

> From what little news we get, we almost go crazy for joy when we read or hear that the red flag is rapidly waving over more and more territory in Europe, for we know it means liberty in the fullest sense of the word for those down-trodden workers.

Most of these men, at their trials, refused to testify, but made unsworn statements, which are not considered as evidence, and precludes the prosecution from cross-examination. It was, thus, impossible, except when the accused consented to testify, to obtain any information, beyond what he was willing to give, in court.

In such a statement, Jacob Haugen, said in part: "When the capitalist system is completely eradicated, militarism and war will automatically be swept off the face of the earth. * * * I, as a worker, am continuously pitted against exploiters of labor, and any other struggle arising out of the conflict of interests of the capitalists of the various nations is of no concern to me."

After refusing to serve in our Army, Clarence J. Maurer, a "Christian pacifist" and an International Socialist, said: "No one will deny that it is *right* and *good* to refuse to fight for a nation which threatens the safety of democracy and the world."

Frank J. Burke, said, in part: "Can you * * * tell me that the workers of this country * * * economic slaves, subject to the dictates and will of their plutocratic masters, have a greater enemy in some foreign land? As an International Socialist, my heart and hand goes out to my mis-guided fellow-workers all over the world * * * to them, I shall never turn traitor."

A Humanitarian state of mind was defined by Ulysses deRosa, an International Socialist, who joined the Society of Friends, June 6, 1917, as follows: "We are all brothers, whether I was born in Germany, Italy or where." Answering the question: "Which comes first, the Government of the United States or International Socialism?", he said: "First my duty to God, then to my fellow-man and then to the Government."

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These are only a very few examples of those, who claimed exemption from all military service, because of Socialistic, International Socialistic or Humanitarian beliefs, and who, by order of the Secretary of War, had to be treated with "kindly consideration."

Then, there were those who claimed membership in religious sects or organizations, whose creeds or principles prohibited their members from participation in war in any form. With them, religion was a matter of personal piety and a selfish desire for eternal salvation. They specialized in the governance of personal habits, and revelled in emotional luxury.

Many of these men, the records showed, had joined these sects after April 6, 1917, the day war was declared. As a member of the Discharge Board of Officers, the writer examined many Mennonites, Dunkards, etc., members of the same sects or religious organizations in which the obstructionists claimed membership, who had accepted non-combatant service. They informed the Board that it was within the authority and discretion of local pastors to grant permission to members of the congregation to accept non-combatant service.

Religion and Idealism were, thus, used to cloak cowardice and disloyalty.

It probably will not be out of place to quote extracts from some of these "religious statements:"

Allen Schmidt said: I disobeyed because I could not conscientiously do the work. . . . *On Jan. 1-18* I became willing to change my life from rong to right, and *repented and on January* 6-18 *I joined the Church of God in Christ, Mennonite,* which teaches the following doctrine: "Love your enemies . . ." (Matt. 5:44). "My kingdom is not of this world, if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight" (John 18:36); the above essential principles the Church . . . have ever maintained, *and thus I have been taught all my life* and therefore I have been unable to take any military service.

It may be noted that, not until the time when his selection for service became imminent, did he repent and become willing to change his life from "rong to right" though he had, all his life, been taught the "essential principles" of the "Church of God in Christ, Mennonite."

The impossibility of reconciling "the law of God: Thou shalt not kill * * * with warfare, a slaughter of human beings," was the basis of Oscar E. Brex's objection

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to any service in the Army. As a Christian, he could not "conscientiously do anything that will aid in carrying on of war, neither under military nor civil authority, nor as a free man." He, also, expressed the hope that "humanity may soon enjoy religious liberty, freedom of thought and conscience in the United States and throughout the world unmolested," and then said: "I do not believe in governments forcing by law, people to do things against their will and conscience, either in peace or in war time, but that is what conscription would do to me if I had not taken this stand. I am a free man in Christ and cannot put myself under bondage."

Because he is a Christian, Robert J. Morrow was "a conscientious objector." He told the Court:

> I am a child of God, saved by God's matchless grace twelve years and nine months ago. . . . I accepted Him as my own personal Savior & through His precious blood my sins were all forgiven & I became a child of God & He became my Father. . . . Since Christ has left me to be an Ambassador for Him, it is my duty and privilege to act for Him. . . . He is not pleased with any nation putting His children of to-day, who are seeking to please Him, in an unequal yoke and commands us to 'Come out from among them and be ye separated' saith the Lord. I cannot therefore become a soldier and it is the government's duty as a minister of God, if it acts as God has commanded, to set me free." When asked if he desired counsel to defend him, he answered: "I only got God for my counsel."

Congress, on May 18, 1917, provided for the members of religious sects and organizations, which might be opposed to war, in Section 4 of the Selective Service Law. Neither this nor any other act of Congress contained any semblance of special privilege for any objector. This section was as follows:

> Nothing in this act contained shall be construed to require or compel any person to serve in any of the forces herein provided for who is found to be a member of any well recognized religious sect or organization at the present time organized and existing and whose existing creed or principles forbid its members to participate in war of any form and whose religious convictions are against war or participation therein in accordance with the principles or creed of said religious organizations, *but no person so exempted shall be exempted from service in any capacity that the President shall declare to be non-combatant.*

The local boards had instructions to induct into the military service and to send to army camps all men between the ages of 21 and 31 years. So far as the public knew,

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every man, so sent, was to enter the combatant service of the United States Army, unless exempted by the above quoted section of the Act of Congress. There was, however, a secret working of the military programme, by which objectors of all classes found protection awaiting them. Every man who expressed or showed any disinclination towards military service found a well organized and well promulgated propaganda of the obstructionists awaiting to "educate" him.

The first bit of tangible evidence of this secret working of the military programme, was the War Department's order of October 10, 1917, issued by the Secretary of War, paragraph 2 of which was as follows:

With reference to their attitude of objecting to military service, these men are not to be treated as violating military laws, thereby subjecting themselves to the penalties of the Articles of War, but their attitude in this respect will be quietly ignored and they will be treated with kindly consideration.

The last paragraph provided:

Under no circumstances are the instructions contained in the foregoing to be given to the newspapers.

Extreme latitude was allowed in interpreting the word "objector" by a second secret order promulgated by the Secretary of War, on December 19, 1917, wherein it was stated:

The Secretary of War directs that until further instructions on the subject are issued "personal scruples against war" should be considered as constituting "conscientious objectors," and such persons should be treated in the same manner as other "conscientious objectors" under the instructions contained in confidential letter from this office dated October 10, 1917.

Under no circumstances should these instructions be communicated to the newspapers.

The Executive Order of March 21, 1918, declaring what service was non-combatant, directed that no punitive hardship of any kind be imposed upon "conscientious objectors," not accepting assignment to non-combatant service, before the Secretary of War had classified them, and had issued instructions relating to their disposition. Pending these instructions, these men were ordered segregated and placed under the command of a specially qualified officer of tact and judgment.

On April 18, 1918, the Secretary of War issued a special letter directing the attention of all commanding

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officers to these directions regarding the treatment of obstructionists.

The number of obstructionists increased rapidly. They assumed an attitude of defiance to all military orders, even refusing to prepare their own food. It, finally, became necessary to allow officers some latitude in dealing with them, so, on April 27, 1918, an order, permitting trial of those "objectors," whose attitude was sullen or defiant, whose sincerity was questioned, and who were active in propaganda, was issued. This was superseded by the letter of July 30, 1918.

A board of inquiry, under the direct supervision of the Secretary of War, was subsequently formed. The letter of July 30th, above mentioned set out, in full, "the desires of the Secretary of War as to the methods to be pursued in dealing with" the so-called conscientious objectors. It declared the function of the board to be to "determine the sincerity of men professing conscientious objections, both *as to refusal to perform non-combatant service and also with regard to the performance of combatant service.*" It also provided that "such men as may be indicated by this board to be sincere, conscientious objectors, both *as to combatant and non-combatant service,* shall, on recommendation of the board, be furloughed, without pay for agricultural service."

"Trial by court-martial of those declining to accept such non-combatant service" was authorized by this letter, "in the following cases: (a) whose attitude in camp is defiant; (b) whose cases, in the judgment of the camp commander, for any reason, should not await investigation by the board"—(of inquiry)—"hereinafter referred to; (c) who are active in propaganda." There was a "joker" connected with this order, as well as with that of April 27, 1918, in that the findings of all courts-martial involving "conscientious objectors" had to be reviewed by the Secretary of War, who before our entry into the war, said: "You might classify me as a professional pacifist." Answering a complaint of Upton Sinclair regarding the alleged mistreatment of Socialists, the Secretary of War wrote:

> I think, however, he should be informed that we are now doing absolutely all that public opinion will stand in the interest of con-

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scientious objectors *and others* whose views do not happen to coincide with those of the vast majority of their fellow countrymen.

This letter of the Secretary of War was reprinted and distributed in circular form. One of these circulars was taken from an obstructionist at Camp Funston.

The War Department letter of June 10, 1918, provided the conditions upon which farm furloughs could be granted "conscientious objectors." The Board was authorized to recommend them for such furloughs, and some were recommended therefor, but before an application for their services on farms had been received, their conduct had become such that it was necessary and expedient to court-martial them. They were sent to Leavenworth. The Secretary of War, desiring to treat "conscientious objectors" with "kindly consideration," in January, 1919, ordered the release of 113 obstructionists from Leavenworth, upon the ground that they had not had an opportunity to accept the farm furloughs for which they had been recommended by the Board of Inquiry. They were granted full pay, furnished with new suits of civilian clothes, and received their discharges from the Army. Ulysses deRosa, above mentioned, who told the Court that he would accept such a furlough, if allowed to "pick" his own employer, was one of these 113.

Col. E. G. Davis, formerly an assistant adjutant general, testifying before the Senate Military Committee, February 26, 1919, declared that the Secretary of War had no direct authority in law to order the release of these men, but that he had probably exercised his power to extend clemency at any time, and had ordered them restored to duty. Upon their return to a duty status, he evidently ordered their immediate discharge. At the same time, men, who had performed honorable service, were refused discharges to enable them to go home to their farms.

The weight of the "joker" attached to the orders authorizing Court-Martial of obstructionists was fully appreciated by the defeatists and especially the National Civil Liberties Bureau. Camps were flooded with circulars, calling attention to the fact that Secretary Baker was giving the objector proposition his personal attention. One bulletin declared that Mr. Keppel—former Dean of Columbia University—the Third Assistant Secretary of War, had advised the National Civil Liberties Bureau and

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objectors to wait until the entire draft was in camp, and at that time Mr. Baker would "do the job up thoroughly for all conscientious objectors."

Sunday, September 1, 1918, the father of one of the objectors came to Fort Riley, Kansas, carrying a small portfolio, and went to the "conscientious objector camp" where he met several of the men, some of whom he seemed to know well. The Corporal of the guard asked him for his pass. Not having one, it was explained to him that he must procure one before he could communicate with any of the "objectors," and he was ordered to leave. Later, he came back and handed some papers to one of the obstructionists. A special sentinel, noticing this, arrested him, because he could not show the required pass. He was taken to Headquarters at Camp Funston, where it was found that the portfolio contained "copies of correspondence, letter and telegraphic, between himself and his son and others who seemed to be interested in the propaganda among the conscientious objectors."

One of the letters to his son contained the following advice: "I would draw the line on work which promotes the war and not stand on technicalities, as, for instance, cooking your own food on the theory that the Government should provide it."

Discussing the political situation with his son, he wrote that war in Roumania was to be stamped with the disapproval of the then Roumanian Cabinet, and expressed the thought that England was about to be controlled by a Socialistic or labor element, that would bring about the end of the war so far as that country was concerned. Nowhere in any of the correspondence was there an expression to the effect that Germany was to be interfered with in her campaign for world dominion.

It is impossible, here, to quote more fully from the report of the Judge Advocate, who conducted the investigation of this matter, but the correspondence showed that he "had been in communication with the Friends Relief Society of Philadelphia," which he admitted was "aiding the conscientious objectors regardless of their faith," also with "Roger N. Baldwin, National Civil Liberties Bureau, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York," and, among others, four men, three of whom had sons among the obstructionists, and one, whom the correspondence showed had pub-

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lished "matter in behalf of" these objectors. A telegram from one of the three, above mentioned, dated August 25, 1918, to him, read: "Appreciate value of your co-operation."

It was evident from a letter in his file that he had attempted to persuade one of these three men to encourage his son to refuse to do any service at that time. The reply, however, was the only letter found "in the correspondence where a father" seemed "to be unwilling to join in the general propaganda."

Reports, advice and complaints from the "backers" of this propaganda were received, and sent to the officials at Camp Funston, by the War Department. The Division Surgeon, at that camp, in October, 1918, received by second endorsement, correspondence headed "War Department, Sept. 30, 1918. (Memorandum: For the Surgeon General's Office)." This memorandum stated that the department had had *"considerable trouble"* with one Nathan Berkowitz, a vegetarian,—who, told the court that he could not accept military service, because he had been a conscientious objector for fifteen years and a vegetarian for thirteen years,—whose "physical condition has suffered considerably" because of his refusal to eat meat. To quote the last part of the memorandum:

> The suggestion has been made to me that it might be worth while to have him examined physically with a view to possible discharge from the army *as a solution of an embarrassing situation.* I am passing the suggestion along to you for what it may be worth.
>
> F. V. KEPPEL.
> *Third Assistant Secretary of War.*

The Camp Surgeon, an American, not an Internationalist, remained true to his oath of office. His report recommended "that he be retained in the service, no disability found which would warrant discharge."

David Eichel, one of these obstructionists, wrote "to Honorable Secretary Keppel" and the letter was returned by the Company Commander with instructions to write it in military form, and to send it through military channels. as provided by Army Regulations. The Lieutenant, a few days later, found on his desk, a letter, signed by Eichel, which contained the following sentences:

> If you persist in imposing petty hardships upon correspondence, I will deem it my duty to *inform Mr. Keppel through some other*

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channel . . . I hope you will see fit to send this letter thru, and by all means leave your scribbling upon it. It is my earnest desire that the person to whom it is addressed see it.

This letter to "the Honorable Keppel" was written to thank him for the "very conciliatory and kind hearted letter" answering a complaint regarding the treatment of Eichel's brother, another "conscientious objector," then serving sentence.

For technical faults, and not for lack of evidence, the sentence of death, which General Wood recommended be reduced to twenty-five years, upon three obstructionists, tried at Camp Funston, was disapproved and the men were honorably restored to duty. They were all International Socialists. One, who had been a member of the I. W. W., was discharged by order of the Secretary of War. The other two were ordered assigned to non-combatant service, as recommended by the Board of Inquiry.

The decision was recommended on or before December 10, 1918, in the case of Julius R. Greenberg, and while carefully guarded from the public, the pacifist element was evidently kept well-informed. Greenberg was returned to Camp Funston, January 31, 1919. A letter found in his possession at that time is prima facie evidence of an apparent close communion between the War Department and the defeatist or pacifist element. A copy of the letter follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT
The Adjutant General's Office

Re: Julius R. Greenberg case. December 10, 1918.

1. Report from the Judge Advocate General's Office states this is one of the several General Court-Martial cases from Camp Funston, recently received in the office of the Judge Advocate General where recommendation was made that the findings and sentence be disapproved and the soldier restored to duty.

The case goes to the President for action.

By order of the Secretary of War.

(Signed) R. J. HERMAN,
Adjutant General.

Added in the handwriting of the writer were these words:

For your information, will let you have further information when available.
(Signed) F. V. KEPPEL.

The War Department has stated that the secrecy of the above mentioned orders was due not to a desire to conceal

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them from the country, but to " prevent the spread of conscientious objector disaffection." How, then, did it happen that the obstructionists knew all these orders, openly boasted about them, and quoted them to justify their defiance?

At his trial, Jacob N. Martens, said:

> According to the regulations of the War Department, no punitive . . . hardship of any kind shall be imposed on any conscientious objector for refusing to perform work of any kind that appears as contrary to the dictates of his conscience, whose case is pending final decision.

A Socialist, Lester G. Ott, told the court that " by making that answer I thought that I had complied strictly with the letter and the spirit of the regulations provided for Conscientious Objectors."

William A. Dunham, who objected to service for reasons based upon his " individual religious convictions," had, before starting for camp, " requested dismissal from the Presbyterian Church " of which he had been a member for ten years. In an unsworn statement, he said, in part: " Legally, I rest my defiance upon the contention that Lieut. Carter's command was not lawful but unlawful. . . . I contend that Lieut. Carter's command, given with the alternative condition of punitive treatment, . . . confinement . . . was unlawful . . . in violation of Sect. 12, Clause (b) of the order of July 30." He, then, quotes from this paragraph.

These are only three of the many instances wherein the " secret orders " were quoted almost literally.

Resting the charge that the War Department knowingly or unknowingly, aided and assisted the I. W. W.'s, Internationalists, Humanitarians, etc., in their programme of blocking the raising of the army, by the adoption of a conciliatory attitude which caused the extension and perversion of the Act of Congress for the protection, comfort and solace of these obstructionists, upon the above facts,—though more could be produced,—the reader is asked to judge for himself whether the War Department, as represented by the Secretary of War and his Third Assistant, intentionally assumed the role of Internationalists, or unintentionally aided and abetted them by failing to realize the gravity of the situation.

BASIL M. STEVENS

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I DISCOVER THE OLD TESTAMENT

BY ANNA BRANSON HILLYARD

THE Shunammite Woman started it. In a conversation on faith-healing some one referred to her, and I, who have a passion for looking up things, went straight to my Bible. I found her story in the fourth chapter of Second Kings, a tale as perfect of its type as any one of those half-dozen masterpieces that one counts on finding in every collection of the World's Best Short Stories.

The prophet Elisha stopped often at the house of the Shunammite Woman on his itinerant ministry, so she set aside a room for him, with "a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick," and bade him welcome there. Elisha wanted to do something for her in return, but she would ask nothing; so, finding that she had no child and her husband was old, he promised her that she should bear a son. "Nay, my lord, thou man of God, do not lie unto thine handmaid," she said, as incredulous as Sarah over the promised motherhood.

The child was born in due season, grew up, and "it fell on a day that he went out to his father, to the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head. And he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees until noon, and then died. And she went up, and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and shut the door upon him, and went out. And she called to her husband and said, Send me, I pray thee, one of the young men, and one of the asses, that I may run to the man of God and come again. . . . And she said to her servant, Drive, and go forward; slack not thy riding for me except I bid thee. . . . And when she came to the man of God . . . she caught him by the feet . . . Then she said, Did I desire a son of my lord? did I not say, Do not deceive me?"

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The prophet went back with her to the house, and "behold, the child was dead, and laid upon his bed. He went in therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord. And he went up, and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands; and he stretched himself upon the child; and the flesh of the child waxed warm . . . and the child opened his eyes." Then he summoned the mother and said, "Take up thy son. Then she went in, and fell at his feet, and bowed herself to the ground, and took up her son, and went out."

As I read, my throat began to ache, and there chased through my veins the little chills that are the tribute of the subconscious self to literary super-excellence. You must read the whole story, unparaphrased and without omissions, to get the full effect. It was the marking of an epoch for me, my delight in the sheer technique of the tale. I had heard, of course, that the Old Testament was a library in itself of history, fiction, poetry and folk-lore; I had read that many wise men had declared that if they could have but one book, that book would be the Bible; but I had judged both these statements to be inspired more by piety than by literary discrimination, and consequently I had read little in the Old Testament except for religious purposes, and those purposes led me to the Psalms and the later chapters of Isaiah to the practical exclusion of other writings.

Now, however, with all the zest that editors assure us inspires them on the discovery of a new star in the literary firmament (What a fine phrase that is! Almost Biblical in its antiquity), I thumbed the thin, resistant pages of my Bible, eager to come upon other tales as good. I found Jezebel, whose painted face long ago captured the imagination of mankind; Jepthah's daughter, pitifully mourning her virginity; Ruth, gleaning for Boaz, and speaking her immortal "Whither thou goest, I will go," to Naomi. And here I stopped to marvel that those words, even in this day of feminism rampant the words a woman gladly swears to her lover, should in that far-off time have been spoken by a widow to her mother-in-law, between whom it is matter of common expectation to find but little love. Who, I wondered, were the first lovers to seize upon their beauty and appropriate it?

Other famous personages were there: Samson and

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Delilah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Rachel, David and Jonathan, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, Jonah and the Whale. They range themselves inevitably two by two, according to the Noachian precedent. I was one of those lucky children, who, with shining morning faces, went regularly to Sunday-School from infancy to early womanhood, and these stories were taught me there on the uncompromising terms of verbal inspiration and Presbyterian inerrancy. My adult self can only rejoice that the heterodoxies of the Briggs trial have become the intellectual orthodoxies of these days; and that the measure of salvation is no longer the measure of one's belief in the magic strength of long hair, and suspended piscine digestion.

But not all the stories I found were old friends: I made new and startling acquaintances which led me to the conclusion that the Devil would have absolutely no difficulty in quoting Scripture to support his own Satanic ends. I began to see why the Roman Catholic Church discourages indiscriminate Bible reading.

In our Sunday-School prizes used to be awarded to the scholars who read the Bible from cover to cover. I never won one, so I cannot judge from experience of the feelings of adolescent boys and girls who read lustily through not only the long and dreary regulations for the ritual of sacrifice, the genealogies impossible of pronunciation, and the blood-stained histories of tribal feuds; but also through a ritual of sexual purification that is plainer spoken than any non-medical book on venereal diseases, through tales of lust, adultery, rape and sodomism couched in terms of almost animal simplicity. My acquaintance with English and Continental literature, while not descending to noisome depths, is yet not limited to the *jeune fille* story; but never have I seen in any novel, play or essay dealing with the amorous nature of man such uncompromising realism as I have found in the narratives of the Old Testament. Take the circumstantial account of the rape of Tamar in Second Samuel; or the death of the Levite's concubine in Judges. For a parallel in horror to the latter tale you will have to go to the Report on the Belgian Atrocities.

I am told that it is not unusual for boys in certain stages of puberty to read the long sequence of lustful stories that they find in the Old Testament. It is not possible to suppose that such reading has anything but a pernicious in-

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fluence on their imaginations, especially as they find it in a book which they are taught to reverence and which they are accustomed to hear exalted for its moral teachings. It is quite true that almost every one of these tales is followed by the account of the revenge taken upon the criminal, either by God or by some blood relative; but the revenges themselves are none too highly moral in tone. The justice meted out to Ammon, who assaulted Tamar, was a combination of lynch law and fratricide, plus violation of hospitality: it rather suggests the murder of Rasputin. The loss of David's first son by Bathsheba in infancy, after the classic tale of the killing of Uriah, cannot be considered a very terrible punishment for the double crime of adultery and murder, especially as David, who already had six sons, showed a most reprehensible cheerfulness immediately after the occurrence.

Henry Drummond is said to have received many letters from men and women whose faith found its stumbling-block in the Old Testament, "its discrepancies, its rigorous laws, its pitiless tempers, its open treatment of sexual questions, the atrocities which are narrated by its histories and sanctioned by its laws." What Henry Drummond did to remove that stumbling-block I do not know; but for the present generation the way seems to me to be made clear by the application of the standards and methods of literary and historical criticism to the books of the Bible. With their help one gets a clearer idea of the primitive morality and the primitive ideas of God which prevailed in those days; and gets rid of the false supposition that from the legendary moment when Moses came down from the Mount bearing the two tables of stones, the ancient Hebrews lived under a moral dispensation equal to that evolved through thirty-five subsequent centuries.

The books upon the subject, most of them written during the past fifty years, are a joy to a disputatious and adventuring mind. Pioneer work was done in the last years of the eighteenth century by Jean Astruc, a French physician, who launched the theory that the compiler of Genesis used two earlier documents, in one of which God was spoken of as Jehovah, in the other as Elohim. From a French prison during the Revolution Thomas Paine sent forth *The Age of Reason,* which was the first book to challenge the verbal inspiration of the Bible in a form which

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reached the masses of the people. He and his publishers were severely persecuted, socially and legally; and his name is still *anathema maranatha* to the uninstructed orthodox, who apparently do not know that practically all Biblical scholars of academic standing have given up the theory of verbal inspiration, and are applying to their study of the Bible the accepted standards of literary and historical criticism. (Let any one who doubts this statement look up the matter in that stronghold of conservative learning, the Encyclopedia Britannica, noting the references there made to the Encyclopedia Biblica.) "How shall they learn without a preacher?" It would seem a heavy score against the intelligence of the Christian ministry that it has left its congregations uninstructed in the history of the composition of the Bible, and therefore an easy prey to the ridicule of the sceptic.

Historical criticism, bitterly as it has been assailed, is the salvation of the Old Testament as a religious book. Only as the record of the progressive evolution of the idea of God among a primitive but deeply religious people, can the God of the Old Testament be related to the God of Jesus Christ and the Christian Church today. You cannot get away from the plain facts of the narrative: the early Hebrews, up to the time of Hosea at least, believed that their Jehovah was but the best of many gods, jealous of other gods, stern and revengeful, exacting an eye for an eye, and under no obligations to play fair with any people but the Hebrews.

Moreover, if we are to take the morality of the Old Testament as inspired of God for our edification, as the orthodox have so emphatically insisted is the case, we shall not always be edified. Take, for instance, the behaviour of Abraham when he went into Egypt. He passed Sarah his wife off as his sister, for fear he might be killed if Pharaoh was pleased with her, and accepted lavish gifts from him in return for property rights in the pseudo-sister. Whereupon the Lord "plagued Pharaoh (who had acted obviously in all innocence) and his house with many plagues because of Sarah, Abraham's wife." Very justly Pharaoh remarked to Abraham, "Why didst thou not tell me she was thy wife? Why saidst thou, She is my sister? . . . now, therefore, behold thy wife, take her and go thy way . . . and they sent him away, and his wife,

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and all that he had." Mind you, he goes off, he who had come to Egypt driven by famine, "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold," the profits of the prostitution of his wife; and when he comes to his altar at Bethel he calls upon the name of the Lord, and the Lord, his confederate in this spoiling of the Egyptians, has not the tiniest word of reproof for him!

Moses, the exalted leader of the nation, the law-giver, the mouthpiece of the Lord, is credited with super-Prussian standards of waging war. In Numbers 31 he sends out his captains, at the instance of the Lord, to fight the Midianites. After waging a bloody war of extermination, "they brought the captives and the prey, and the spoil unto Moses . . . and Moses was wroth with the officers of the host . . . and Moses said unto them, Have ye saved all the women alive? Behold these caused the children of Israel . . . to commit trespass against the Lord . . . and there was a plague among the congregation of the Lord. Now, therefore, kill every male among the little ones and kill every woman that hath known a man by lying with him. But all the women children, that have not known a man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves." Later on in the chapter, "The Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Take the sum of the prey that was taken, both of man and of beast . . . and divide the prey into two parts . . . and levy a tribute unto the Lord . . . one soul in five hundred, both of the persons, and of the beeves, and of the asses, and of the sheep." The number of the virgins so disposed of is given as thirty-two thousand, which is probably a lustful exaggeration.

In Second Kings is told the story of the infamous pogrom carried out by Jehu, at the instance of Jehovah, upon the children of Ahab. Treachery and blood soil every incident of it, yet "the Lord said unto Jehu, Because thou hast done well in executing that which is right in mine eyes, and hast done unto the house of Ahab according to all that was in mine heart, thy children of the fourth generation shall sit on the throne of Israel."

It is customary to refer this horrible punishment visited upon the seed of Ahab to the murder of Naboth, who was stoned to death on a charge of blasphemy, trumped up by Ahab's wife, Jezebel, in order that her husband might get possession of Naboth's vineyard. If that was the true cause,

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it appears, from a comparison of the punishment meted out to David for the murder of Uriah, that a vineyard was of very much more importance in the eyes of the Lord than a woman.

When Jehu was commissioned to exterminate the clan Ahab no specific mention was made of Naboth, but the reason given was the avenging of "the blood of my servants and prophets," whose shedding was attributed to Jezebel. But it was presumably to offset the slaughter of these prophets that Elijah and his followers killed all the priests of Baal. A very important point must be considered here. When the Israelites conquered Canaan they took over the shrines of the natives (witness a delightful story in Judges 17 and 18), and also some of their modes of worship. The gods of the Canaanites were called *baals,* or lords of the land; and it naturally came to pass that the title Baal was applied to Jehovah, and that he was worshipped quite as sincerely under the one name as under the other. The Canaanitish influence undoubtedly strengthened the orgiastic character of the worship of Jehovah, retarding the development of religious ideals, and therefore came under the ban of the more spiritually-minded of the people; but what is denounced by the writers of the historical books was not a distinct, heathenish cult: it was rather the popular, ritualistic form of the national religion. Perhaps it is not an entirely unfair comparison to recall the fashion in which the pioneers of the Protestant Church condemned Catholicism as idolatry, and personified it as the Scarlet Woman.

Ahab's punishment, therefore, was for being wrong in the form in which he chose to worship Jehovah, a form certainly very gross and licentious, but still one which was not below the average of the religious customs of the day. His savagery in support of his chosen ritual had been fought with equal savagery by Elijah. The brutal character of the punishment is the more amazing when one reads, immediately after the Lord's commendation of Jehu for executing it, that Jehu "took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord God of Israel with all his heart; for he departed not from the sins of Jereboam, which made Israel to sin." These sins of Jereboam consisted precisely in the country shrine worship for the support of which Ahab's seed was exterminated.

The only reasonable explanation of the whole affair lies

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in the fact, established by historical criticism, that the later prophets, who were fighting hard for the purification of the worship of Jehovah by the elimination of the country shrines and the ritual, wrote these records with the intention of making out a strong case for their reform. Their inconsistent brutality is chargeable to the chronicler's conception of a tribal god with human passions; and we who have the many persecutions of the Christian Church behind us, who know what the prophets of more enlightened civilizations have sanctioned in God's name, can only agree that God is not to be judged by the deeds of all who call him Lord.

Those who still insist that the Old Testament records are without exception inspired revelations for the guidance of twentieth century morality can say absolutely nothing today against the arrogation by the former Kaiser of the approval and support of God. The Hebrew kings who believed themselves anointed of God, even as the Hohenzollern believed himself to be, claimed, as he claimed, the sanction of God for the breaking of treaties, the looting and burning of captured cities, the murder of non-combatants, the rape of women and children, and their transportation to work in the fields of their conquerors.

Having been thus convinced by the evidence of one's eyes that this Jehovah of the Jews is not the God of love and justice one has been taught to revere, one is naturally curious to learn how the Hebrew conception of the deity was evolved. Old Testament scholars have traced it back through the Mosaic tradition to an ancient Semitic god. In the same chapter of Exodus which tells the familiar story of the bulrushes, the scribe writes that Moses, fleeing from Egypt, came to the land of Midian, which was in Asia, on the borders of the Red Sea. "And he sat down by a well. Now the priest of Midian had seven daughters; and they came and drew water, and filled the troughs to water their father's flock. And the shepherds came and drove them away; but Moses stood up and helped them, and watered their flock. And when they came to Jethro their father, he said, How is it that ye are come so soon today? And they said, An Egyptian delivered us out of the hand of the shepherds, and also drew water enough for us, and watered the flock. And he said unto his daughters, And where is he? why is it that ye have left the man? call him,

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that he may eat bread. And Moses was content to dwell with the man; and he gave Moses Zipporah his daughter."

Jethro served the altars of Yahweh, the god of the Midianite-Kenites; and Moses, tending the flocks of his father-in-law, naturally assisted him in his priestly duties. Like most Semitic Gods, Yahweh was a god of fertility, and his name probably meant "he who causes passionate love."[1] (The institution and practice of the rite of circumcision, various provisions of the Levitical code, and the license of the country shrine worship, against which the prophets inveigh, prove that the conception of Jehovah as a sexual divinity persisted for many centuries.) Volcanic eruptions were interpreted as Yahweh's appearance upon his burning mountain. While Moses lived with Jethro he was so impressed by the power and majesty of Yahweh at the burning bush on the sacred mountain that he went into Egypt to preach release to his captive countrymen through trust in Yahweh. When that release was brought about, thanks were of course returned to Yahweh, and a covenant made with him. It is interesting to read that Jethro, who seems to have been a wise and delightful old gentleman, was officiating priest at the first sacrifice after the Hebrews arrived at Yahweh's sacred mountain, Horeb.

Gradually, in the course of centuries of crude anthropomorphism, out of a primitive conception of a god of fertility, worshipped with license, emerges Jehovah, God of Israel alone, jealous of other gods and their peoples, swayed by human passions, appeased by burnt offerings, God of battles, God of revenge, God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, a tribal god with but tribal morality; developing with a developing civilization into the God and Father of all the world, the Prince of Peace, the God of Love, who sends his rain on the just and the unjust, who lives in the hearts of men, and is worshipped not by burnt offerings, but by the sacrifices of the spirit.

The clue to this development, so much of it as took place before the Christian Era, lies in the now well-established theory that the Old Testament is the work of the reform prophets of the Babylonian Captivity and later. According to this theory the Pentateuch was not written by Moses in the fifteenth century B. C., as was once supposed, but was a compilation made about 500 B. C. from oral tradi-

[1] See Dr. G. A. Barton's *Religions of the World.*

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tion and records dating back to the ninth century. The historical books were composed between the eighth and the fourth centuries. Job belongs to the fifth or fourth century; the romances of Esther, Daniel, Ruth and Jonah were written after 500 B. C., as fiction: tales to point morals. The Psalms and Proverbs, ascribed to David and Solomon, heroes of olden days, were collections of the poetry and epigrammatic wisdom of many centuries, their final recension made in the second century B. C. Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon also belong to this Maccabean Age. The most ancient books of the Old Testament are the writings of Isaiah, Amos, Hosea and Micah, which date from the eighth century.

I speak for many, I am sure, when I chronicle my surprise at finding that the prophets and their unnamed disciples wrote and compiled the Hebrew Scriptures in the eight hundred years directly preceding the Christian Era. For some fifteen or twenty years of my life I attended Sunday-School and church with punctilious regularity, with enthusiasm for things religious and with keen interest in things biblical. Out of that attendance and interest I got a fair acquaintance with popular Bible stories, a smattering of theology, a treasure of beautiful phrases, sundry rules of moral conduct, and a conviction that it is the spirit that quickeneth. I do not belittle these rewards, but I justly complain that in all those years I got absolutely no information about the history and composition of this most wonderful book. Every non-clerical person of my acquaintance to whom I have spoken of my newly-acquired knowledge has proved to be as ignorant as I was. Brethren, these things ought not so to be. Those Hebrew prophets should not be without their due honour and blame in twentieth century Christendom. They were sealed to a double mission: they were on fire to free the worship of Jehovah from idolatrous and sensual practices, and they were enthusiastic patriots, eager for the return of Israel from exile. It was as advocates of these two principles that they wrote and edited the history of their race and its religion.

It makes one nervously self-conscious to offer a testimonial to the value of the Old Testament. One remembers unhappily how, during the Tercentenary of the King James Version, a certain British headliner, tongue in cheek, set

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the caption, "A. J. Balfour Endorses the Bible," over that statesman's Edinburgh speech. And yet there are but few readers in our generation who know of the treasures in the Old Testament. The orthodox, who read their Bible with reverence rather than interest, the indifferent, who do not read it at all, and the sceptics, who visit upon it the sins of the dogmatic theology they abhor, alike cut themselves off from a source of genuine enjoyment. A browser among books will travel many a long and weary mile before he will find elsewhere such rich and varied pasturage as that afforded him by the Hebrew Scriptures.

ANNA BRANSON HILLYARD.

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RESULTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

BY JAMES H. HYSLOP

In 1882 the English Society for Psychical Research was organized amidst the general ridicule of the scientific world. Materialism and agnosticism were so strong from the triumphs of physical science that residual phenomena of any kind were either discredited or explained away by all sorts of pseudo-theories. The Spiritualists had assumed a contemptuous attitude ever since Swedenborg, whom they would have done better to have followed or to have improved upon by better experiments. The Church shied at the subject because it had been defeated, in so many efforts to defend its dogmas, by the constant victories of physical science, until it distrusted the very method of science. The Philosophers looked down on the subject with that benign contempt which that class has always shown toward the work of experiment, and rested easy in the comforts of an idealism which physical science neither understood nor respected; which the philosopher himself could not make intelligible, and which the man of the world rejected with a shrug of the shoulders. For a long period of history, Philosophy had complete control of all human knowledge, until she divided the patrimony among the special sciences who were her children, and who usurped for themselves the domination of the world leaving to their mother, in the language of Lotze, as her dower's right, the insoluble problems of the universe.

It was in the midst of all this opposition and ridicule that a small group of Englishmen organized the Society for Psychical Research. They were such men as Professor Henry Sidgwick of Cambridge University, England, Mr. Frederic W. H. Myers, Professor Balfour Stewart, Professor (now Sir) William F. Barrett, Professor (now Sir) Oliver J. Lodge, Arthur James Balfour, afterwards Prime Minister of England, and a host of Continental asso-

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ciates of similar scientific standing. These men went about their work with the spirit and method of science, collecting data alleging some supernormal character. Prior to their time and efforts, stories were rife and would not down about haunted houses, apparitions, thought transference, marvelous results under the influence of hypnotism, and alleged communication with the dead. The Society set about collecting well accredited statements regarding personal experiences in these fields, and in the meantime it prosecuted experiments to test the claims of thought transference, which it named telepathy. It also collected a large mass of coincidental experiences associated with dying persons. After some years' work, it announced that it regarded telepathy as proved and that apparitions, such as it recorded, were not due to chance.

On these results the members of the Society, official and lay, were fairly well agreed. But when it came to mediumistic phenomena, some of which were investigated in the course of this work, they were not so well agreed. Mr. Myers, on the basis of large powers for the subconscious, and of mediumistic phenomena which he did not publish, adopted the belief in survival after death. Dr. Hodgson on the avowed evidence of communication with the dead, accepted the same belief. The same was true of Sir Oliver Lodge and later of Sir William Barrett. Other leaders of the work have not publicly announced their belief in spiritism, though they hold it privately. But there is no aggressive tendency on the part of any of them to urge the hypothesis or to make any progress on the basis of it.

If it had not been for the absurd talk about telepathy by people who ought to have had more scientific intelligence, there would have been much more general progress in psychic research. I do not mean progress in collecting facts, but in the interpretation of such as have been collected. Telepathy has been a universal solvent of mysteries for every man who has been afraid to admit anything that really explains. This habit has prevailed ever since the attack on Mesmer. When they could not dispute Mesmer's facts they disputed his theory by an appeal to the imagination. Scientific men were right enough in disputing his fluidic theory, but it would have been infinitely wiser to have confessed ignorance than to have set up the imagination in the place of a fluid. They soon discovered

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this when Braid brought forward "suggestion" as the potent charm to explain everything, when, in fact, it explained nothing. But the very fact that no one knew what it meant gave it security against refutation. You cannot deny what you do not understand. Consequently, as a solvent of mysteries for people who could not think, "suggestion" has had no rivals. You could hold the plebs at bay with it while you postponed the day of judgment.

It was precisely the same with telepathy. Many researchers recognized at the outset that the claims of the Spiritualists had to be investigated and it was a part of the avowed object to do this. But they took an attitude of hostility toward Spiritualism and sought first those phenomena by which they hoped to explain away the theory of the Spiritualists, though professing to be searching for evidence of a future life! So biased was the spirit with which they set about their work that Mr. Myers definitely stated in his great work, *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death,* that so far from defending Spiritualism, it was a criticism of that doctrine, though he announced the same conclusion! There was, of course, enough that was contemptible in the Spiritualists' claims to invoke this opposition and it was as much as a man's scientific life was worth to show any mercy to that school. It was its own fault that it received so little sympathy. Even if a man believed it to be true, it was not safe to admit it, and the only course open to an intelligent man was to ignore it and to deal with other problems of the supernormal.

The consequence was that the investigators first attacked the problems of thought transference and in the course of some years of work announced that telepathy had been proved. From being mental coincidences between living minds that excluded chance coincidence and normal sense perception, and connected with the present mental states of agent and percipient, the advocates of it began to extend its meaning to the process of A selecting from the subconscious of B whatever was necessary for impersonating the dead.

Now there is no evidence whatever for any such process. There has been even no attempt to investigate such a process or to prove it as a fact. It has been assumed as possible; and then having dwelt on its possibility for

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purposes of controversy, the mind has come to believe it to be a fact! And this is called scientific procedure! Of course, it is "possible" that the subconscious may be an agent in affecting the mind of the medium. But there are so many other "possibilities" that these kill themselves off. We must have evidence for a *fact,* and there is no evidence for subconscious agency of one living mind on another, and it is hard to see how you can prove that the subconscious is a telepathic agent because we can never tell what the subconscious is doing. But assume that we can. Not much progress is made with that. For the real thing to be explained is the fact that this subconscious of the psychic always selects the right facts from the subconscious of the living for proving the personal identity of the dead, facts to be transmitted to the medium and then delivered back to the sitter as messages from the dead, the subconscious fooling either itself or the normal consciousness of the sitter, whose subconsciousness supposedly knows no better!

But then the stretching of the hypothesis does not stop here. Many of the facts delivered as messages are not known by the sitter either consciously or subconsciously and can be proved not to have been known. I shall not take the trouble here to illustrate or prove this, but facts of this type exist by the thousand. You cannot use the hypothesis of telepathic access to the subconscious of the sitter in such instances, as the data are not there for transmission or selection. So our *soi-disant* scientific people, without any evidence whatever, now stretched telepathy to cover these new facts and assumed that it could reach out into the whole world of living consciousness and select the right person for obtaining the desired information, select from his or her subconscious the proper incidents which the sitter does not know, and then after this intelligent process palm the facts off as spirit messages, knowing how it gets them and lying about where it gets them! There are no mechanical analogies in any such assumed process. You could not assume that the person or persons from whom such information was filched were either consciously or subconsciously thinking of or trying to transmit the needed facts. The whole process has to be selectively initiated and carried out by the medium.

Now there is no scientific evidence whatever for any

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such process. As already asserted, all that we know is that there are coincidences between living minds that exclude chance and normal perception, and whether they are direct transmissions between living minds or intermediated by spirits, no one knows. We know only the facts and telepathy is but a name for those facts, not a name for any causal process whatever. The consequence is that it can no more be used for explanation of the facts than chemical affinity can.

Now, all along in this collection of data there has been an increasing mass of facts consistent with the hypothesis of communication with the dead, to say nothing more of it, and that hypothesis coincides with all the scientific and ethical theories of human consciousness, while the so-called telepathic theory has no causal or ethical implications whatever. What I have shown of the assumptions that have to be made,—and these without evidence—in extending telepathy, indicates clearly a perfectly topsy-turvy condition of things. The hypothesis cannot be made responsible for any scientific laws or limitations whatever. But the spiritistic theory, in so far as it is based on phenomena of personal identity, is practically intelligible and appeals to well known laws of nature. Telepathy is an appeal to the unknown and thus violates the first condition of a scientific explanation. We do not know any process whatever in connection with the phenomena of telepathy and so cannot use it for scientific explanations. It is quite otherwise with the spiritistic theory where the facts illustrate personal identity. In the first place, we explain the actions of a living person by the action of consciousness on the organism. In conversation with a man, we interpret his vocal statements, not as blind, unconscious and mechanical actions, but as evidence of associated intelligence. Wherever the evidence is sufficient, we infer intelligence in connection with certain facts. Now, that particular person with whom we were conversing dies and his body dissolves. No more actions occur in connection with his bodily organism from which I can infer the continuance of that consciousness. But suppose that I go to another living organism whose consciousness never knew the facts about my friend, and the incidents of his last conversation are all detailed over again to me, why should I not suppose or infer that the same consciousness is instigating them

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that I would infer with the living organism? On the one hand, the proved fact of telepathy, whatever the process, would make this possible, assuming that consciousness actually did survive and only awaited favorable conditions for communication, and we might legitimately suppose that the facts were evidence of the survival, without any appeal to a process to account for them or to make them intelligible.

Now when we say "spirit" in such a situation we do not mean a quasi-material form, as usually imagined, but we mean the continuance of the consciousness or stream of consciousness which we once knew, and now infer, to explain certain movements and actions of a given organism. We are not setting up an unknown process, such as telepathy is. We are inferring the same mental states that we knew operative at a former time, and, if in the living it be the nature or the capacity of consciousness to cause movements or sensory pictures in the mind, why may not the same power be active after death; and when a suitable organism or set of conditions is found in the living, why may not the same consciousness produce the same effects? In both the conception of the process and the appeal to persistence of consciousness we are using the known to explain the facts. The appeal to telepathy is to the wholly unknown as a process. The facts are nothing but mental states and as such are not special types of phenomena individually considered. It is the absence of normal stimuli that is striking. The consequence is that we shall not be in any position to understand telepathic coincidences until we ascertain the special process by which they are produced. If telepathically induced mental states represented individual phenomena of a special type different in nature from ordinary mental states, the discovery of a special process would not be so important. Any other associated event or agent might suffice to explain it. But telepathy is but a name for a coincidence between phenomena which, individually and in normal conditions, are perfectly familiar, and it is the coincidence that is unusual, not the mental state. Consequently we must know what the process is that establishes the coincidence, to understand it. But it is precisely this process that is totally unknown. So far as we know, the process might be the action of spirits as messengers for carrying the thoughts of one living person to an-

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other. We have no evidence that any such thing occurs, and it would involve a complicated process to effect it in this way. The habit of science is to take the direct course for explanation instead of the indirect, unless the evidence points to the indirect one. Hence, I do not refer to the possibility of spirit agency in telepathy as if it were a fact, but only to exhibit our ignorance of the real process, and it is that ignorance which forbids the use of "telepathy" to explain anything whatever. It remains a name for facts which still seek an explanation.

But concede that telepathy actually explains the mental coincidences, or that we know the process by which it is effected, this would not help us in the least in such facts as point to the action of spirits in communicating. As I have already indicated, telepathy assumes that A acts on B. But the phenomena which illustrate the personal identity of the dead must be represented as B *selecting from A and all living consciousness* the facts necessary to impersonate the dead. That is a totally different phenomenon and must have a like different explanation. There is nothing selective about the ordinarily assumed telepathy. There is the natural selectiveness of mind in the phenomena which represent the survival of human consciousness and it is the selectiveness of a mind distinct from the mind or minds assumed as the source in the hypothesis of telepathy. The interest in the selection, the connections and associations manifested in it, the variations from the natural interests and associations of the sitter, the disregard of the sitter's expectations and wishes, the evidence that the sitter's present mental states are ignored, are all incompatible with any form of telepathy whatever, except one which does nothing but duplicate the facts which illustrate the personal identity of the dead, and there is not one iota of scientific evidence for any such process. It can have no standing without such evidence.

I shall challenge any scientific man to dispute these statements, and they must be disputed in order to purchase any favor whatever for telepathy as a rival of spiritistic theories. The fact is, telepathy has never received any support whatever except such as is due to the respectability of scepticism against spirits. It would not be tolerated in any intelligent scientific court. The evidence and the scientific character of the explanation is all on the

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other side, and as a consequence of this and the voluminous mass of facts, I shall not even present here any of the evidence for spiritistic theory. I exclude from that evidence, of course, all physical phenomena and such as do not illustrate the personal identity of deceased persons. They are subject to further investigation for their alliances and might possibly be explicable by spirits, but are not evidence of such causes. At this date, however, I consider the spiritistic theory as so well proved scientifically that I regard every man who does not admit it simply as either ignorant or prejudiced. Schopenhauer said practically the same thing in 1850.

In this verdict I do not exclude the right to be perplexed about the explanation of the processes by which the evidence is secured. Most people wish to understand phenomena or to understand the process of communication or to have some knowledge of the life hereafter before they will admit that the existence of spirits has been proved. This is absolutely absurd. We cannot explain or understand anything until after we have proved it to be a fact. We cannot demand that we shall explain how we communicate with spirits before we admit the fact of it. The explanation of any phenomenon is always subsequent to the admission of it as a fact, not prior to that admission. All that has been proved is that spirits are necessary to make the facts intelligible at all, and whatever else it may be desirable to know has still to be ascertained and proved. We know very little about the process involved in communication and we have many difficulties *in* the theory, but none *against* it. Readers must learn to distinguish between objections *against* a theory and perplexities or problems *within* it. Nearly all the so-called objections to it, except the possibility of fraud, are not objections at all, but additional problems.

As a consequence of all this I shall take the existence of spirits as proved and endeavor to show what else has been accomplished by psychical research.

There are two difficulties which the layman always sees in the phenomena which we invoke in favor of the spiritistic hypothesis. They are: (1) the triviality of the facts, and (2) the absence of definite knowledge about the nature of the life after death. Both of these are easily removed and would never be mentioned by any scientist.

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In regard to triviality of the facts, we have two answers to the layman's difficulties. First, trivial facts are absolutely necessary for the proof of the spiritistic theory. We are not trying to prove that we communicate with the dead. That is a mere incident in the far larger problem of ascertaining whether spirits exist. Materialism is strong enough to require that we prove that spirits exist, and in order to do this we must prove the personal identity of a given person. We must have supernormal facts which illustrate that personal identity, and the more exceptional and trivial they are, the better. Witness what is necessary to prove a murder, or the personal identity of a Tichborne. This claimant for a fortune was not able by any facts to establish his identity, and in the trial appeal was made to very trivial facts like scars on his person, etc. No intelligent person would escape the nature of the problem in such a way as to ignore what the primary condition of proof in it is. Moreover, many of the communications are not trivial at all. This is the second consideration in reply to the alleged difficulties. They are often as exalted in character as anyone would desire, but they are absolutely worthless as evidence for spirits. They are either wholly unverifiable by the only testimony that can be accepted in such cases, or they represent ideas which are easily explicable by subconscious production. We have first to prove the existence of spirits, and then to determine with some measure of accuracy the limits of subconscious production, before we can feel any assurance about many of the alleged messages.

In regard to the absence of knowledge about a future life, it can only be said that there is no lack of communications about it. They are probably as plentiful as the messages in proof of personal identity, and, so far as the persons are honest who furnish the communications, the mass of them is perhaps larger than that of the evidence for survival. The fundamental obstacle to their acceptance is the want of verification. Science can never attach any value to unverified communications from any world, spiritual or physical. What is alleged in any field of inquiry is subject to the laws of evidence and we have not yet been allowed the means for even trying to verify statements about a spiritual world. There are so many contradictory assertions and communications about it that we have to reconcile these

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or remove the erroneous ones before we have any right to form a conception of that world.

The real problem for the intelligent man, after obtaining evidence of survival, is to understand the confusions and errors in the communications, and especially the difficulty about transmitting proper names. The explanation of these involves some knowledge of the process of communicating with spirits, or between the dead and the living. Now it is this process which we have not yet ascertained with any degree of clearness or entirety, but we have some hints of what it is in certain types of communication, and further investigation may reveal more of it.

In certain types of mediumship it has been characteristic to represent the communications in the form of a reality like the living. Apparitions are the type of it when spirits purport to be objects of perception and similar representations are given of other objects. The ordinary Philistine, assuming that such alleged messages represent a spiritual world as identical with a material one, is able to cast suspicion on the phenomena, and the conjurer has no difficulty in imitating alleged communications, reproducing the manner of psychics to perfection. But careful records of the personal experiences of private people, who have no professional interest, and experiments with accredited private mediums show the same kinds of phenomena. The mediums apparently see apparitions of persons and objects alike. Everything appears in phantasm, whether symbolically or otherwise, and in so many cases are representative of evidence for the supernormal that there is no mistaking the fact that the messages or communications are pictographic visions. Voices are only an auditory form of the same phenomena.

Now, it has been remarked in the phenomena of both spontaneous and experimental telepathy that the thoughts of A transmitted to B appear to be in the form of apparitions or mental pictures; not always, but frequently enough to suggest what the general process of transmission is. Comparison with mediumistic phenomena shows that the process is the same as in pictographic communications with the dead. But the process, whether between living persons or between the dead and the living, means, in untechnical terms, that the thoughts of A appear as realities to B. Or, to state the same fact technically, the thoughts of the agent,

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A, are transmitted telepathically to the percipient, B, in whom they appear as veridical hallucinations. The thoughts or mental pictures of A, become the thoughts or mental pictures of B, to whom they are apparent realities.

It is evident that this fact explains at least most apparitions of both the living and the dead. It may not explain all of them, but it certainly explains most of them, and the whole problem of "spirit clothes" becomes a perfectly simple one. The perplexity of the layman and, more especially, of the scientific man, to whom it is absolutely incredible that we should duplicate our old clothes after death, is greatly modified and, in so far as the miracle of it is concerned, is entirely removed. Many other phenomena yield to this explanation and I shall remark only that of feeling that one's self is another personality. The transfer of emotions, of impulses, or of ideas may disorder the whole equilibrium of the subject that receives them.

The important fact to observe at this juncture is the inference to be drawn as to the nature of the spiritual world. Having eliminated the material reality of the apparitions, and regarding them as telepathic hallucinations produced by the thoughts of the dead, we must conceive the spiritual world as a mental one whose thought has causal power to simulate reality. This phenomenon occurs with the living in their dreams, deliria, hallucinations, and hypnotic suggestions, so that it is not wholly anomalous to find it with the dead. Assuming, with Mr. Myers, that it is the subconscious functions,—which are wholly inutile for the living,—that survive, it would be most natural that the subject surviving should think in pictures that simulate reality; and, telepathy being the mode of transmission to each other and the living, we should expect veridical hallucinations as a consequence, apparent physical realities, but really mental ones simulating them. Thus the spiritual world is a thought world with its ideas and emotions transmissible from person to person.

We might, then, conceive the spiritual world as a rationalized dream life, like poetic day dreaming. Whether it shall be rationalized will depend on the habits of the person while living. Our ordinary dreams seem chaotic and meaningless, but modern psychology shows that they are less chaotic than we are apt to suppose. That

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which seems chaotic is only the margin of a more consistent and rational stream in the subconscious that does not emerge in the normal consciousness at all. Even our waking life has this chaotic character, but we disregard it because of our selective interest in certain important portions of it. The marginal associations in it are as chaotic as the marginal constitution of our dreams, which are most probably the fragments of associational events not observed or regarded by the subconscious. Assuming, then, that the subconscious life is a consistent stream, we should have it perpetuating itself in the spiritual world. Our dream life there would be determined by the character which we gave both our conscious and our subconscious life when living. It is our conscious life that determines the contents of the subconscious, so that the habits of the one are the habits of the other. Whether our lives after death will be rationalized dream lives or irrational ones may depend on our habits here. The momentum of our present lives continues, and unless we modify them after death they continue just as they were here. They will be poetic and happy only in accordance with the degree of our adjustment to a rational life.

But now that telepathic agency and communication are accepted or assumed, we find them associated with all sorts of effects on the living. They are not always consciously produced. Many an incident that proves to be good evidence of identity comes unintentionally. The communicator is trying to do one thing, and a different thought slips through. This is because he cannot absolutely control the process of transmission. Everything depends upon which mental picture, the marginal or the central one, is picked up by the receiving agent. But conscious effects can also be produced.

Now take the condition immediately after death; this involves the freeing of the subconscious from the shackles of the bodily life and its sensory action. The dream life of the subconscious goes on just as it did with the living subject and the imagery is taken by this subject for reality, just as we do in our dreams and deliria or hallucinations. This subject comes in contact with a psychic, and his ideas, beliefs, and theories are transmitted to that psychic or through him or her to some living person. It is a dream life communicated to the living and will be nothing but

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that subject's ideas and opinions for the time. They will appear as earthly memories projected as beliefs about the spiritual world. Whole philosophies may be transmitted in this way and each communicator would be giving his mere dream life, not representing the reality of the new world in which he is placed, but the merely earthly memories mistaken for the reality of another world, as they are in dreams. It will be perfectly apparent how all this might lead to contradictory accounts of the spiritual world and also to all sorts of obsessions, good and bad. Alleged revelations would occur, good and bad, perhaps, and all sorts of disturbances which we have not time to discuss or prove here.

This continued dream life would have to be reduced to a rational form before it would appear consistent, and even then it might not represent anything but earthly memories. It must be suppressed and a mental life adjusted to the realities of a spiritual world established in the place of the mere dominance of earthly memories, before we could expect any rational account of a spiritual world to be given to us. All that involves very many difficulties for the investigator as yet, and I shall not dwell on it here. The important thing to observe is the lesson which such a view enforces about the habits of the living. They are the key to the solution of the problem quite as much as the fact of communication. If we want the communications to be rational, we shall have to live rational lives. Our habits are the fixed things in our nature, and if they have to be changed after death to suit the new environment, it may be more difficult to change them when out of the body than when in it. Ethical idealism is thus the condition of escaping the unpleasant consequences which are entailed by an irrational life. The more "material," that is, sensory, it is, the more apparently material it will be after death, and all the effects of such habits must be overcome to reach the spiritual development which should begin here. An interest in a non-sensory life, or the subordination of the sensory to an inner life of spiritual ideas, emotions and impulses, is the primary condition of more ready adjustment to a spiritual world, or the production of it, assuming the dream constructiveness of a spiritual life.

This is a mere outline on which the informed psychic

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researcher and the philosopher may work to his heart's content. It is a confirmation of the idealism of the last century, though a modification of it at the same time. There is no space to go into any of these problems here. Nor can we as yet dogmatize about the results. We have only opened the gates of another world by communication and by the discovery of one of the methods or processes of communication. There are other than the pictographic processes, but I shall not discuss them here. The main thing is to see in the one method which is most clear the indications of what a spiritual life out of the body may be, and prosecute inquiries until we can reduce the complexities of the phenomena to some sort of order and usefulness in the ethical life of living men to whom the belief in a future life must be of some practical value or lose its interest.

JAMES M. HYSLOP.

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THE WING OF DEATH

I

BY ELIZABETH SHIPLEY SERGEANT

October 20th—Mont-Notre-Dame.

THEY have stretched a sheet around my cot this morning. It does not shut out the pervasive poilu smell. And I can still see the young French soldier directly across the ward. Day and night he lies high against a back-rest. He has a great hole in his abdomen, and a torturing thirst, and cries faintly every two or three minutes:

"Infirmier, infirmier, à boire, à boire."

October 21st.

The poilu can't be more than twenty. His eyes are caverns, dark wells of pain in a face blanched and shrunk to the angles of the bones beneath. They gaze out from under a shock of dark black hair that seems to grow every hour longer; gaze with the persistently hurt, surprised expression of a child who has put his hand in the fire, and finds that fire burns. When they first began to haunt me, emerging from the murk of the tent and vanishing again, early yesterday morning, I thought they were a sort of symbol. Ether bedazed me and I could not quite grasp the meaning of the symbol. I confused the poilu with a black-haired Oklahoma boy whom I found last June in a French hospital at Meaux; alone but for one muttering Arab in a vast, dirty ward; bed-bugs crawling over him; blood soaking his shirt and blankets. The most lost and miserable American of all.

Now his face stared at me, gaunt and craggy, from the French soldier's bed. I begged Mercier, my orderly, to change the Oklahoman's blankets; told him that my fellow-countryman could not make his needs understood; insisted eloquently—and heard Mercier laugh—that he should take the "houses" off my legs. I was unable to

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help so long as their weight pressed me down. Mercier explained that they were not to be removed. But it was the poilu's head, glooming clearer and clearer like a tormented ascetic head in a Spanish painting, that at last brought me to myself. I remembered exactly what had happened to me; and it seemed—seems now—altogether negligible in the light of that suffering stare.

"*Infirmier, à boire*—just one little drop?"

Valentin, the cross old orderly who passed just then tells him brutally to shut his mouth. It will be wet in due time, not before. And Valentin shuffles on, in his felt slippers and his streaked gray-blue clothes, which depend flabbily from a loosely hinged back-bone. Here comes Mercier, taking temperatures. Mercier is a generation younger than Valentin. He swings his muscular hips as he walks, as if he belonged to the Breton sea. But it seems that *dans le civil* he is a coiffeur at Le Mans. Mercier declares, after consulting his wrist-watch, that *le petit* must wait exactly nineteen minutes for the next swallow of champagne.

Miss Bullard, meanwhile, briskly reminds Mercier—who continues to stand poised, twisting waxed blonde moustachios—that it is nearly ten; only half the temperatures taken; no dressings done; several stimulations to be given men who are very low; the surgeons due on rounds at any moment. Mercier looks crestfallen, murmurs, with a half glance in my direction:

"*Je n'ai pas l'esprit au travail ce matin*"—"my mind isn't on my work this morning."

Miss Bullard, as she hurries on, gives the little soldier a smile from under her white veil, that brings a momentary look of peace into his bewildered eyes. But soon the monotonous whimper begins again:

"A drink, a drink"—he is wanly beseeching me now as if I ought to be able to rise on my two splints and "slip" him a few drops from the bottle on the shelf over his bed. A woman—not nursing—in an evacuation hospital—during an attack. . . .

Have I said anything else to myself these two endless days and nights? Raw flesh—shattered bones—pain—fever—thirst—disability—death. Why should I be caught up into this revelation of the ultimate of war unless I can turn my understanding to some service?

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There is one unbearable sound. A dull, pierccd, animal plaint, nothing like the usual moan of pain, or the cries of the wounded who are being dressed. A sort of sigh went up from the whole ward when it began. Miss Bullard dropped everything and ran, though the man she left is only a little less in need. Her look is fixed as she prepares her hypodermic in the alcove beyond my bed.

She works so swiftly, so gallantly. Did she realize when she put me in this corner near her table of supplies, the satisfaction I should get from the perfection of her technique? From simply *seeing* her, single-handed, single-hearted, direct a whole hospital, and meet the outstanding needs of her twenty-four *grands blessés?* She must have known it would be a spiritual substitute for the nursing she would be giving me under other circumstances. She can do only the essential now. Racked and lacerated as I feel, I am yet one of the least serious cases. Two-thirds of the patients are just barely being kept alive. She literally does not stop one second in the twelve hours she is here. Even so, she is consumed (as I have seen Lucinda consumed at Dr. Blake's hospital this last six months) by the desperate need to do more. Miss Bullard sleeps a mile away, in a ruined village, in a room with no window-glass and no stove. She has to walk there again for lunch. Only a sort of exaltation keeps the human machine going through such stress. She must have been drawing for months on springs far deeper than the normal springs of human energy and endurance.

She sends Mercier to tell me, as her fingers fit rubber tubes together, that she will make me comfortable for the day before long. I am ashamed that I do want to have my face washed, that I do want to feel her soothing touch at my feet. The soldier she had to desert is two beds away from me. His face was considerably shot to pieces. He has to be fed through a tube. But he lies there dumbly patient and acquiescent.

Afternoon.

Yes, only those who cannot help themselves ask for anything here—at least by day. I believe I was conscious of it even those first irresponsible hours. For when I heard my own voice calling Mercier—as it did so often—I was amazed and repentant. Extraordinary how quickly one

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becomes part of the mechanism; how one can bear anything in company. Just because it is war, and must be borne. *C'est la fatalité.* Inevitable. Irrevocable. Immutable. Interminable. Nothing exists, or ever will exist but this khaki tent pitched in the mud; this rain that drips, drips through the roof; this stove that smokes; this back-breaking cot; these grimed and stuffy blankets; this clinging smell of damp, and coal-smoke, and iodine, and disinfectant, and suppurating wounds, and human sweat and dirt. Yet to name the obvious discomforts is to exaggerate them. They become submerged in a more profound initiation—an initiation which is almost a compensation.

A visitor has made this clear to me. The *medicin-chef,* full of apologies for not having himself visited me sooner, ushered him in. They came mincing down the ward together, between desperately sick men of whom they seemed quite unaware; the *medicin chef,* in his unsullied horizon blue, looking a sort of operatic tenor after the hard-pressed shabby surgeons I have so far seen; the visitor an elongated, dapper personage from the Maison de la Presse. He had journeyed all the way from Paris, in his best Rue François I^{er} uniform to bring me "the condolences of the French Government."

Mercier provided a camp stool. The stove was belching yellow clouds. Drops trickled down his neck. The attention of the *blessés* was glumly superior. He sat there shivering, coughing, fondling an imperceptible moustache with one nervous hand, blinking away smoky tears, as he made polite conversation. His reddened eyes took in my bandages, the "cradle" that raised the bedclothes over my feet. But what they dwelt on with fascinated commiseration were the fragment of my skirt that Miss Bullard had pinned about my shoulders, and the pillow she had improvised—Gertrude E's coon-coat, which luckily came through intact. (The hospital has no bed-pillows and only three back-rests).

"How uncomfortable you must be, Mademoiselle!"

Poor Monsieur, not nearly so uncomfortable as you, though I tried hard to make your half-hour as easy as I could.

One thing I do mind—greasy old tin plates. I can swallow sickish tea, and *limonade,* that never saw a lemon, and gratefully, when Mercier holds the china "duck" to

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my lips. But when he brings me onion-scented soup, full of vague floating vegetables, in an ancient tin receptacle. . . . He was very proud at lunch time. He had succeeded in finding an egg, a very round and orange fried egg, which skated madly over that dubious black surface. It was perfectly cold. But I choked it down with a humble fear that I was being pampered.

I *am* pampered. I have sheets. Miss Bullard, of course, produced them. And though she had been up all my first night, she went the long distance to her room and brought back a night gown and comb of her own. Even a new tooth-brush and a box of "Dorin Rose." (Dorin Rose! The visitor should have noted that pathetic effort to be faithful to feminine tradition.) As my cot is curtained off, she keeps the window in the Bessano tent open over my head. The French surgeons allow no air to blow through the ward. And as soon as she is gone at night the orderly zealously shuts my port-hole from the outside.

I dread the moment when Miss Bullard goes for a good many reasons—the moment when I am left alone in this world of anguished men. It is then that it is most intolerable to be helpless. If only I could do the small things the orderlies neglect, once the nurse's eye is off them. Even during Miss Bullard's lunch hour—if she takes a lunch hour—there is a more restless spirit among the *blessés.* They talk of her from bed to bed. Her *drôle de français,* her funny French, which they delight in; her capacity; her sympathy; her well-earned Croix de Guerre. After all, they say, why should an American woman be nursing Frenchmen? There are no French nurses here. *"Elle a bien du mérite."* But soon they began to wonder why she isn't back; began to fuss. And at night, when she has given the last hypodermic, and put on her cape and stolen out, black desolation settles down over the tent.

October 22nd.

Last night the ward was like a sombre tunnel, full of smoke and noxious gas; monstrous moving shadows; painful reverberation. Feet, feet, trampling, trampling; *brancardiers,* shuffling into the tent with new burdens. Shall I ever forget how their feet are sucked into the glutinous mud of the Marne? It is as if the mud were insatiable. And it gives out, in the dark and silence, the muted sound of all

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those other stretcher-bearing feet which it has sucked and strained at for four years. Mont-Notre-Dame was an important French hospital centre until the Germans took it last spring. On the recovered ground a French hospital has been planted again. And yet again come the *brancardiers,* bearing still, horizontal shapes on their shoulders, shapes once vivid, earth-loving, now writhen, agonized, indifferent. War is a doom, trampling, shuffling itself out to eternity.

And the orderly on duty last night was a doddering old fellow who let the men get completely out of hand. It is no kindness, as I have discovered. The least serious cases make the worst row. The "thigh" began it:

"*O là, là, là, là, ô là, la, la, la*"—each "ô" a note higher in the scale and the "*la's*" running down in Tetrazzini's manner.

"*C'est-il-mal-heur-eux, c'est-il-mal-heur-eux*" responds the "arm" in the next bed, who has no intention of being outdone.

"*Damnée guerre, damnée guerre,*" echoes the "shoulder-blade."

This had been going on perhaps fifteen minutes when the little poilu opposite me tore off his bandages. Patience is a terrible virtue. Would not wars end if ten thousand wounded men tore off their bandages and bled to death? But the process is hideous. The *vieux,* badly scared, called Mercier, and with much stifled gasping and cursing they together bound him up again in the flicker of a lantern.

Can it be that only forty or fifty miles from here people are discussing, over partridge and *fraises des bois,* whether it would be better for Foch to accept an armistice or to push the Germans to a complete *débâcle?* Better give a few months more, and several thousands more men, say some. I wish they could spend a night in my cot. Can it be that in Paris, I too, believed in the end of the war? The very evening before my accident, the evening of the day when the French army entered Lille I came out of the Castiglione, after a dinner, into light. *Light* in Paris at eleven o'clock at night. *Light* after nearly four years of war-darkness! Those great torches, flaring brazenly from the Tuileries terrace, on brazen enemy guns strewn over the Place de la Concorde, conveyed, as they were intended to do, a sort of shout of triumph. The enemy

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had been driven so far, so far, that not the boldest or fleetest of his bombers could any longer threaten the heart of France.

Yet here the fear of air-raids is not conjured. I shall not soon forget the whirring pulse that throbbed and burrowed into our tent-tunnel in the small hours of last night. Ominous, dis-composing. Air-planes, squadron after squadron, passing just overhead. Boches or our own? The complete defencelessness I felt so long as the uncertainty lasted made me aware that what I had hitherto taken for moral courage during raids was purely physical; a pair of good legs and a convenient mediaeval cellar had sustained me. I know something about the psychology of the bomber, too. Great to drop off your load on a group of tents; to get a direct hit, a tongue of flame. (Lord, it was a hospital!)

After all, I am just as bad as the men at night, but for New England pride. My soul also escapes from what Jules Romains would call the *unanimisme* of the ward; from the bonds of a common fate, which enjoin a decent patience. I become an impotent, aching creature, full of unpleasant holes, lost in a corner of devastated France, infinitely remote from everyone I care for. The hospital unit had moved up from Château-Thierry the night before I got here. No telephone connection with Paris yet. So I cannot get cables through to my family in America. I can't even telegraph my brother-in-law, Ernest, at Dijon, or Colonel Lambert at the Red Cross; or Sid! who has just lost his brother, on top of losing almost his entire squadron in the Argonne; and is due in Paris on leave. He wired me the night before my accident to cable his mother, and there should be an answer by now—and I of no use.

I ask for tea. The orderly comes running. ("*Ca change, une femme,*" thinks he. And I—"I can't see his dirty hands in the dark"). But tea is no sedative. I hug my stone jar of hot water tight, but I can't escape from memory. The memory that my work has come to a fortuitous end just as the war approaches its final crisis. The memory of the accident itself. These three nights, which have dragged by like many centuries as I have relived it, step by step, image by image; a series of sharp, visual images strung together by blindly logical circumstance.

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Four American women, with a French woman in nurse's uniform, their guide, are descending from the train at Epernay, when they are met by a French officer. Plump, pink, smiling, the officer. They have come for an afternoon's drive to Rheims, and the American battle-fields of the Marne, and will return to Paris via Château-Thierry in the evening.

Ravaged fields, shapeless villages. . . . Soon the Lieutenant has stopped the motor by a steep hillside. The battlefield of Mont Bligny, very important in the defence of Rheims. He warns us that it has not been "cleaned up," that we must touch nothing unless we are sure of its nature.

The ladies stream up and across the field, littered indeed with all sorts of obscene rubbish. Someone finds a German prayer-book. Someone else an Italian helmet. There may be a skull in it, warns the Lieutenant, but hangs a French one on his own arm for me. Mademoiselle has a queer looking object—a series of perpendicular tubes set in a half-circle, with a white string hanging down at either end. The inside of a German gas mask, she says. We all walk across the hilltop as far as the holes dug in the ground by the forward French sentries; we look towards the German lines beyond—then turn back along the crest of the hill, where it drops off sheer to a wide valley. The Lieutenant, Mademoiselle and I are ahead, the others some fifteen yards behind. Suddenly the officer notes what Mademoiselle is carrying:

"Put that on the ground, please," he says curtly, "I am not sure what it is."

A stunning report, a blinding flash, and I am precipitated down the bank, hearing, it seems, as I go, the Lieutenant's shriek of horror:

"My arm, my arm has been carried away!"

I lift my head at once; two women cowering with pale faces, then running towards the road; the third standing quiet by a stark, swollen figure, the French woman, stretched on her back, with her blue veils tossed about her. Great gashes of red in the blue.

"*Macabre* of the movies"—and aloud I hear a voice, which is mine, add:

"She is dead."

"Yes—Terrible."

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I seem oddly unable to get up. Ringing in my ears.

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Faintness. The effect of the explosion. Very tiresome, not to be able to help. I crawl further down the hill to get away from blood. But something warm is running down my own face. Blood! I sit up and take out of the handbag still on my arm a pocket-mirror. Half a dozen small wounds in my left cheek. Unimportant. But my eyes fall casually on my feet, extended before me. Blood! Thick and purplish, oozing slowly out of jagged holes in my heavy English shoes and gaiters. I seem to be wounded. Queer, because no pain. I call to one of the women. She makes a meteoric appearance, tells me I am splashed with blood from the dead; is gone again. I must, I think, lie down. The chauffeurs seem to be above me on the hill now, carrying the officer away. A long interval. They are bending over me.

"Can you walk?"

"I'll try."

It doesn't work. So they make a chair with their arms. One of them is grumbling that the other women aren't on hand.

"*Les blessés sont plus intéressants que les morts*—the wounded are more interesting than the dead," he remarks.

From my "chair" I note more objects, innumerable objects similar to the one that exploded, straggling like octopi in different parts of the field. The soldiers grin when I point them out; hand-grenades. Now we have reached the first limousine. The officer is propped on the right half of the back seat, his bloody sleeve (not empty yet) hanging at his side. I am lifted in beside him, my shoes removed, my feet placed on the folding seat. Those nice, expensive brown wool stockings from "Old England" ruined. . . .

The chauffeurs refuse to wait for the other ladies. Must find hospital at once. Unpleasant sensation of severing all connections with the friendly world. Inhuman country. Badly rutted roads. The officer quite conscious, desperately worried:

"I did tell them not to touch anything, didn't I, Mademoiselle? They'll break me for this." . . . Repeated again and again. Also the reply, "It wasn't your fault, Monsieur."

A bleak barrack at last. An amazed "Major" who sticks his head into the bloody car. But can do nothing

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for us. Gas hospital, this. Surgeons eight kilometers further on. I feel pain at last and the Lieutenant is suffering. But we talk a little—about his wife and his profession of teacher. Will I write to his wife to-night for him? Say he is not so badly hurt. . . .

Dusk already. Two more dreary barracks in a plain lean and gray. Another French doctor, black-bearded and dour. Very displeased to see both of us, especially the woman. Two stretchers. The Lieutenant disappears in one direction while I am carried into the "*triage*" and dumped on the ground. To be tagged, I suppose, like the wounded I have seen in the attacks of the last year. At least twenty Frenchmen lounging in this barn-like place. Orderlies, stretcher-bearers, wounded soldiers, all pleasantly thrilled.

"We must cut off your clothes, Madame."

"*Bien Monsieur.*"

I can be dry too. But if there were the least kindness in his grim, peering eyes I should tell him how desolated I feel to be giving so much trouble in a place where—I know it as well as he—women are superfluous.

Compound fracture of both ankles. Flesh wounds from *éclats*. A little soldier writes out a "*fiche*" in a deliberate hand while I am being bandaged and given ante-tetanus serum. The *fiche* goes in a brown envelope, pinned on my breast as I lie on the stretcher.

"Is it serious, Monsieur?"

"The left foot, yes, very."

"Can I not make connections with the rest of my party so as to send a message to Paris?"

No, the chauffeurs have gone already. I am to be sent to a hospital near Fismes. And the stretcher proceeds to the door. Stygian darkness now. As the men slide me into the lower regions of the ambulance I look up and see, peering down from the top layer, the very white, rolling eyeballs of two very black Senegalian negroes.

"You thought you'd be alone?" remarks the dry surgical voice. "No—*Bon voyage, Madame.*"

The ambulance door seems hermetically closed. How the engine groans on the hills. How heavily the Senegalians breathe. How my foot thumps. How the hammering on the wheels pounds in my head when we break down.

Another lighted *triage*. I am lying on another mud

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floor, surrounded again by men, men. Perhaps I am the only woman in the world. But the atmosphere is more friendly. An orderly approaches:

"You have three compatriots here."

"American soldiers?"

"American nurses."

Were ever such blessed words? And the tall, sure, white-veiled woman who comes in to take my hand and not reproach me for my sex, seems to divine just how I feel. Croix de Guerre with palms—Mayo graduate—can this be the nurse who lived so long in a cellar at Soissons nursing American soldiers? I put her in a Red Cross article months ago! A presence to inspire instant confidence.

"Only a bed in the poilu tent," she apologizes. "Impossible to make a *woman* comfortable."

. . . . . .

The bed is grateful. Long, long wait. Finally a surgeon with a woman assistant materializes beside me. Surgeon with red face and shabby uniform, and as bandages unreel, a troubled look. He says immediate operation is necessary.

Miss Bullard confides me to an orderly, Mercier. She cannot see me again to-night. Must prepare two hundred new arrivals, *blessés* of yesterday's attack, for operation. Mercier seems kind. To be brought out of ether by an ex-coiffeur is normal after all this. When the stretcher-bearers come, he helps them lift me, wraps blankets about my bloody and exiguous clothing. He says he ought not to leave his ward but he comes along beside the stretcher, snubbing the *brancardiers,* who are lower in the hospital hierarchy than *infirmiers,* as I have already discovered. The movement of the stretcher on these human shoulders is soothing, though. And the rain that falls on my face from the black night. Too bad to leave it for the lighted x-ray room, so narrow and stuffy and full of perspiring men. They can't even find the *éclats.* I point out where they must be. Long wait on the floor. At last the summons to the operating room.

The surgeon is ready. In a white blouse with a large black pipe in his mouth. He removes it to caution the men who are lifting me on to the table:

"*Voyons, voyons,* don't you see it is a woman?"

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A true Gaul. Unable not to point the ruthless fact.

I turn my eyes to the green-painted ceiling. It is spotted with black, black like the surgeon's pipe. Flies. The woman assistant ties my hands to the table. The surgeon is bending over my wounds now, shaking his head, and his next phrase has no double meaning, and his voice no irony:

"All because a foolish woman wanted a little souvenir of this great, great war."

I am getting ether in large quantities now. Sensation of vibration—of waves beating, and through it voices very clear:

"Who is she?"

"A journalist."

. . . . . .

The tent again. Blackness, clammy chill, penetrating pain. Mercier's hands smell strong of cigarettes. Kind Mercier, washing my face very tenderly——

October 23rd.

They are going to evacuate me by the noon train to-day with a lot of other wounded. The surgeon says my progress is sufficiently good, and of course my bed is needed. He has been in to give me special recommendations for the American surgeon (whoever he may be), who will next have me in charge.

This is less of a "tonbib," an army surgeon as caricatured by Gus Bofa, than I thought. He has spared no pains for me, and Gallic to the last, has packed my injured members in the whole hospital stock of peerless and priceless absorbent cotton. He has left the small wounds on my face alone:

"Can you suppose I would touch anything so delicate as the face of a woman?"

. . . . . .

I am leaving with a dominant sense of the fascination of surgical technique. As so often in the past my mind has come to life and helped largely in saving my nerve. The limitations of this plant are greater than those of any similar American hospital I have seen, except perhaps one field hospital. Its externals are less inviting. But I am inclined to believe that so far as essentials go, good workmanship is rather more scrupulously observed here. Cer-

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tainly the surgeons take a more individual interest in their cases. I have watched the surgeon of this ward—who is not mine—making rounds every day. No detail is too small for his attention, and he has a personal relation with every man. He is visiting the "*evacuables*" now, urging each one to write back a full account of his journey and progress.

The *medicin chef* has come to say good-bye. I was not mistaken in thinking him the operatic tenor of the hospital. He stands at the foot of my bed holding one of his numerous "*paperasseries*" poised before him, like a sheet of music—an order from M. Clemenceau, urging that all consideration be given me. With that in my hand I am to be descended from the train near Vincennes, at the regulating station for Paris wounded. "The *regulateur* will have made all arrangements." I wonder? I have been able to communicate with nobody. And now I must leave Miss Bullard, my rock of safety, my friend, (a "collectable" as Ethel Sidgwick says) and journey away alone on a stretcher. I don't want to go.

Miss Bullard has dressed me in more of her garments (my own completely demolished) even to a scarf that was her mother's about my head. Gertrude's fur coat on top. The brown envelope, with records inside, again pinned to my chest. Great bustle in the ward. The orderlies are assisting the departing *blessés* into their tattered uniforms and tying up their war treasures—such as the *éclats* that have been removed from their wounds. They are very particular about the exact number, and I am not at all in fashion not to have kept mine.

Mercier presents a last tin plate of soup. He insists gruffly that I have been no trouble, no trouble at all. The sun is slanting on the tent floor for the first time, the stove swallows its own smoke. The little poilu opposite is better. His face is less pinched, his eyes several sizes smaller. He has reached the stage of patience. He looks on me as a sort of friend now, though we have never exchanged a word, and I feel as if he were reproaching me for going off to a better fate than his. I can't myself believe that these twenty-three men, whose tragedy and comedy—not much comedy, but that of a rich Rabelaisian flavor—has been mine for four days and nights, are no longer to be the very core of my life. I can't believe that

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this tent, which at first seemed so sordid, and now seems so sheltering, will soon be only a brownish dot in the distant "war zone." I *don't* want to go.

. . . . . .

On the Train

I am actually enjoying the adventure. Such a golden October afternoon. Its warmth and the vanishing pictures of the countryside I catch through the window of the corridor have given me a new breath of life.

When it comes to the point, I like having to put through something hard alone. Alone! That is one of the charms. For the first time since I left Paris I am by myself—my stretcher on the seat of an old first-class compartment. Only once in a while does the train orderly—rather superior personage; antidote to the train doctor who is eminently an inferior personage—come in with a brown teapot to talk of his wife in Montreal.

The train is in no hurry to get to Paris. It is wandering hither and yon, to pick up wounded, and makes long, long stops. We are still in the midst of devastation, but I am spared most of it, for from my stretcher my eyes hit just below the skyline. A row of yellow beech trees. Three French soldiers perched on a village roof, hammering and laughing in the sun. Now an elemental figure projected against the blue heaven—a peasant woman plowing. Plowing through hand-grenades and unexploded shells. The season of mists and mellow fruitfulness will have its way even here. Perhaps the war *is* nearly over.

. . . . . .

(To be concluded)

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AN EARTH GODDESS

After the Advance, 1917

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

You are not the august mother
Nor even one of her comely daughters,
But you gave shelter to men,
Hid birds and little beasts within your hands
And twined flowers in your hair.

Sister, you have been sick of a long fever,
You have been torn with throes
Fiercer than childbirth and yet barren;
You are plague-marked;
There are no flowers in your hair.

I have seen your anguish, O Sister,
I have seen your wounds.
But now there is come upon you peace,
A peace unbroken, profound,
Such as came upon the mother of King Eteocles
When both her sons were dead.
For in your agony, Sister,
When men bruised and ravished you,
You remembered the wide kindness of our mother
And gave shelter to each of them that rent you,
Shielded them from death with your delicate body,
And received their clotted corpses into your once pure breast.

And now since you have endured,
Since for all your wrong and bitter pain
There came no hatred upon you
But only pity and anguish
Such as the mother of King Eteocles felt
Gazing upon her two angry sons—
Because of this, your peace is wonderful.

Underfoot are a few scant grasses
Amid rusty ruin;
Overhead the last of your larks
Cries shrilly before the broken clouds;
And for your sake, O my Sister,
O daughter of our great Earth-Mother,
Because of your old pain
And long-suffering and sweetness,
Because of the new peace
Which lies so deep upon you,
The chains of my bitterness are broken,
The weight of my despair leaves me.

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THE ISLANDS

BY MRS. RICHARD ALDINGTON

I.

What are the islands to me,
what is Greece,
what is Rhodes, Samos, Chios,
what is Paros facing west,
what is Crete?

What is Samothrace,
rising like a ship,
what is Imbros rending the storm-waves
with its breast?

What is Naxos, Paros, Milos,
what the circle about Lycia,
what, the Cyclades'
white necklace?

What is Greece—
Sparta, rising like a rock,
Thebes, Athens,
what is Corinth?

What is Euboia
with its island violets,
what is Euboia, spread with grass,
set with swift shoals,
what is Crete?

What are the islands to me,
what is Greece?

II.

What can love of land give to me
that you have not—
what do the tall Spartans know,
and gentler Attic folk?

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What has Sparta and her women
more than this?

What are the islands to me
if you are lost—

What is Naxos, Tinos, Andros,
and Delos, the clasp
of the white necklace?

III.

What can love of land give to me
that you have not,
what can love of strife break in me
that you have not?

Though Sparta enter Athens,
salt, rising to wreak terror
Thebes wrack Sparta,
each changes as water,
and fall back.

IV.

"What has love of land given to you
that I have not?"

I have questioned Tyrians
where they sat
on the black ships,
weighted with rich stuffs,
I have asked the Greeks
from the white ships,
and Greeks from ships whose hulks
lay on the wet sand, scarlet
with great beaks.

I have asked bright Tyrians
and tall Greeks—
"what has love of land given you?"

And they answered—"peace."

V.

But beauty is set apart,
beauty is cast by the sea,
a barren rock,
beauty is set about
with wrecks of ships,
upon our coast, death keeps
the shallows—death waits
clutching toward us
from the deeps.

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Beauty is set apart;
the winds that slash its beach,
swirl the coarse sand
upward toward the rocks.

Beauty is set apart
from the islands
and from Greece.

VI.

In my garden,
the winds have beaten
the ripe lilies;
in my garden, the salt
has wilted the first flakes
of young narcissus,
and the lesser hyacinth
and the salt has crept
under the leaves of the white hyacinth.

In my garden
even the wind-flowers lie flat,
broken by the wind at last.

VII.

What are the islands to me
if you are lost,
what is Paros to me
if your eyes draw back,
what is Milos
if you take fright of beauty,
terrible, torturous, isolated,
a barren rock?

What is Rhodes, Crete,
what is Paros facing west,
what, white Imbros?

What are the islands to me
if you hesitate,
what is Greece if you draw back
from the terror
and cold splendor of song
and its bleak sacrifice?

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HEINE AND THE GERMANS

By BEULAH B. AMRAM

HEINRICH HEINE hated Prussia. Prussia returned his feeling a hundred-fold, censored his writings, banned their publication and exiled him from her borders. Therefore it is not only with a free conscience but with something like patriotic exaltation that we may admire Heinrich Heine. Heine hated the Hohenzollern. William the Hohenzollern had Heine's statue removed from the Villa at Corfu, where the unhappy Elizabeth of Austria had retired to live out her shattered life with her flowers and the poems of her favorite poet. Safely then may we put Heine again on a pedestal. Heine considered Prussia the root of German evil. A world that considers Prussia the root of all evil may develop a new passion for a writer for whom it had always reserved an especially warm spot and who has now an added claim to affection and admiration not only as poet, philosopher and wit, but in the new rôle of prophet who foresaw with startling clearness the world conflict. Attention has already been drawn to the remarkable ending of *Zur Geschichte der Religion und Philosophie in Deutschland,* where Heine, dwelling on that brutal lust of battle such as is found among the ancient Germanic races who fought not to destroy nor even to conquer, but merely from a fierce demoniac love of battle itself, saw the day when the smoldering ferocity of those ancient warriors would again blaze up, when the restraining talisman, the Cross, would be broken, when the ancient stone gods would rise from out the ashes of dismantled ruins and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes and Thor would leap up and with his colossal hands shatter into fragments the Gothic cathedrals. The latter part of Heine's prophecy contains passages thrilling enough: "When you hear the crash as it has never crashed before

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in the history of the world," "a drama will be enacted in Germany compared with which the French Revolution will seem to be only a harmless idyl." "You have more to fear from emancipated Germany than from the whole Holy Alliance with all its Croats and Cossacks." "You see that if we once feel like starting something with you, we shall not want for good reasons." All this sounds startlingly like prophecy.

In preparation for conflict he warns the French against a suggested disarmament. "Since in spite of your present Romanticism you are born classicists, you know Olympus. Among the naked gods and goddesses who make merry there with nectar and ambrosia, you see one goddess who, although surrounded by such joy and sport, always wears a coat of mail and keeps a helmet on her head and a spear in her hand. That is the goddess of Wisdom!"

The Western world has always considered Heine as the accomplished lyrist, the singer of delicate madrigals, the incomparable versifier for the musical genius of Schumann and Schubert. It has never done justice to the critic and the philosopher. German scholarship was not qualified to understand Heine's kind of wisdom. Heine has frequently been called a Hellenist, not only because of his insistence on beauty and earthly joys, but because of his plastic form. But Heine's classicism was more a flashing, leaping intuition than the product of deep learning, more a matter of profound historical and critical sympathy than of meticulous annotation and dusty research. Brother of Aristophanes as he loved to call himself and to be called, he probably knew much less Greek than many an inconspicuous Ph. D. in many an inconspicuous graduate school. As critic of contemporaneous life and letters in France, Germany and England, Heine's method, although capable of deep and sustained thought as shown by his famous books on *Die Romantische Schule* and *Zur Geschichte der Religion und Philosophie in Deutschland,* was a method of suggestive fancy, of allusive use of history and philosophy and criticism, all the more deadly and maddening to the solemn taste of the Hohenzollern, who are not very flexible and who are better able to sustain the bludgeon blows of direct attack than the more subtle but no less deadly poison arrows of satire. Heine's disdain of the false aspects of Romanticism

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made him singularly fit to irritate the Kaiser. The Kaiser who visited the Holy Land, who put himself, a modern knight in white cloak and shining armor at the head of a new army of crusaders that should save the Christian world from the yellow hordes of Asia, the Kaiser with his patriarchal interest in his flock, with his exaggerated self-love, his rhetoric, his sentimentality, his mediaeval idea of the state, his intimate invocations of the Deity, his mystical consciousness of religious mission, was nothing if not Romantic. Heine's immense common sense had easily pricked the bubble of Romantic insincerity. He too was deeply stirred by the rich artistry of the Middle Ages, by the color, the variety, the decorative beauty, the sensuous charm of religious art and life as it had developed in the pageantry of the Catholic church. But with the mediaeval parodies of his day, with their nebulous ideas, their bombast and fustian, their imitation and conventionality, he had no sympathy. Heine was drawn to caricature by the needs of his own nature. Not even the suffering of seven years could destroy his unconquerable Lachlust, the inextinguishable humor of a mind that saw the comic in everything, that saw the ridiculous behind the grandiose, that saw self-interest and self-deception behind expressions of lofty principle and humanitarian conviction.

Scattered everywhere through Heine's prose and poetry are attacks on the thick-headed reactionary stupidity of the Prussian régime, new to the Germany of his day, on the Philistine patriotism, rampant then as now, of those who are always ready to trot out their patriotic stock in order to win a penny's worth of publicity, on the megalomania of Nationalism and the craze for the racially distinct, the old-German, the Teutonic in thought, in custom and in language. The richest product of his satiric genius is the cycle called *Deutschland,* written in Paris in January, 1845, describing a visit paid to Germany the previous autumn from his twelve years exile in France. Travelling by way of Brussels, Amsterdam and Bremen, Heine reached Hamburg, where his mother lived and where he stayed more than a month, returning to Paris by way of Hanover, Bückeburg, Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle, thus reversing the order that he takes in his poem. Soon after his return to Paris, he embodied his rich impressions in the humorous

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travel epic *Deutschland,* a rhymed Reisebilder. In the introduction, he defends himself vigorously from the imputation too often made against him by his German contemporaries and enemies, of treasonable love for France, affirming his love for the free Rhine and free Germany. The black-red-gold colors he honored on the height of German thought, as the standards of a free humanity. He did not honor them on the uniforms of idle and servile lackeys. " Alsace-Lorraine," he writes,

> I cannot so easily incorporate with the German realm as you do because the people in those countries cling to France. . . . Alsace and Lorraine will again unite with Germany if we complete what the French have begun, if we excel them in deed as we have already done in thought, if we rise to the last logical conclusion of that thought, if we destroy servility even in its last hiding place, Heaven, if we rescue from his degradation the God who lives on earth in men, if we become the redeemers of God, if we restore again in their dignity the poor, joy-disinherited people and scorned Genius and the violated Beauty, as the great masters have said and sung and as we wish, we, the disciples. That is my patriotism.

In *Deutschland,* Heine ridicules the whole fabric of German life, the governmental despotism, the suppression of free thought and speech through the censorship, the attempt to foster national industries through a high tariff, the coarseness, the heaviness, the narrow nationalism, the lack of esprit in social life, the false patriotism in political life, the mediaeval obscurantism in religious life. In this poem, the modern spirit of the poet inflamed with zeal for French ideals, for political liberty, for social equality, for spiritual fraternity—the modern spirit of the poet working on the fantasies of Romanticism, of popular poetry and legend, expressed a criticism of all aspects of German life. Original, caustic, witty, fantastic, bizarre, coarse, tender, in its profound historical intuitions, its quick transitions and contrasts, its mingling of humor and sentiment, its use of legend and folk-form, it reveals more than any other single composition the inimitable characteristics of Heine as poet, political philosopher and man. It is a cycle of twenty-seven poems of varying length written in the rhymed iambic quatrain that, in Heine's hands, lent itself equally to effects lyric, dramatic, elegiac and epic. It was written at the height of the cult of the *Altgermanisch,* of the exclusion of all foreign influences, of a tariff on thought as on merchandise, so that foreign ideas might not be en-

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couraged and that native thoughts, customs, aspirations might thrive. To one aspect of the cult, Heine gave himself ardently with delicious fooling, as he greets with the *Seid mir gegrüsst* of the Romantic poet, the divine odors of sauer-kraut, of the heavenly *stock-fisch,* swimming in butter, of the sausages revelling in the sputtering fat, of the *krammetsvögel* like pious roasted angels in nests of apple sauce, twittering to him welcome. The quiet hospitable goose that looks at him with a gentle eye, who had perhaps loved him when he was young, with a beautiful soul yet with no less tender flesh, the pig's head adorned in true German fashion with the laurel leaves denied her great living poets, these welcome the poet to true Teutonic joys.

In *Deutschland,* Heine showed his hatred of the religious hypocrisy that oppressed the people in this world while it held before them a picture of the consolations of the next. He hated those who preached water in public and drank wine in private. He wanted a new song, not the old renunciation songs of Heaven with which the people have always been lulled, but a song of earthly paradise, of earthly happiness, a song to show the people that the lazy belly should not swallow up what industrious hands have earned and that there was not only enough bread for everybody but even roses and myrtle and beauty and joy and sugar cookies. He wanted to drown the old Miserere of asceticism, to sing a song for the betrothal of young Europe with the genius of Freedom and though the blessing of the priests failed for their union, he prayed a blessing on the bridal couple and on the children that were to come. And inflamed by his own inspired dreams, he felt himself renewed in strength, invigorated with magic, as he touched German soil. Meanwhile the returning traveler is brought down from his elevation by the inspection of the Prussian customs-officers, and as they turn topsy-turvy his shirts and his socks and his handkerchiefs, hunting for laces and jewels and forbidden books, the poet rejoices that the fools will find nothing hidden there. *The contraband that he carries, he carries hidden in his head,* laces finer than the laces of Brussels and Mechlin, jewels, the crown diamonds of the future, the temple-treasures of the great unknown new god, books that make of his head a twittering nest of confiscable books, worse and more dangerous than anything in Satan's

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library. In the customs through which Prussia directed German commercial policy Heine saw the invention of Prussia for giving Germany the external, the so-called material unity needed for the Fatherland. The spiritual, the really ideal unity, unity of thought and feeling, she got from the censorship.

Coming to Aix-le-Chapelle, where Charlemagne lies buried in the great cathedral, he saw, in the little hour that he spent wandering through the streets, the real unchanged spirit of the Prussian soldier in the gray mantle with the high red collar of which the red still signified the blood of Frenchman, as Körner had sung in earlier days. He saw unchanged the wooden pedantic people with the frozen conceit in their faces, always moving at right angles, stalking around stiff and set-up, straight as candles, as if they had swallowed the sticks with which as children they had been beaten. In the long mustaches, he saw only a new phase of the pig tail that had once hung behind. He was not displeased with the new costume of the cavalry, especially with the pickelhaube, the helmet with the upstanding steel top, which was new in the Prussian uniform. That knightly innovation carried him back to the beginning of Romanticism beloved of Fouqué, Uhland, Tieck, to the pages and squires of the Middle Ages, to the crusades and the tournaments and the minnesingers, to the period of faith when as yet there were no newspapers. The only fault that he saw in the point of the helmet was that in time of thunder the most modern lightning of heaven might be attracted to this point on their romantic heads. At Aix-la-Chapelle, he saw again the hideous Prussian eagle still looking at him with poison-hate that he returned in full measure, promising that if it ever fell into his hands, he would tear out its feathers and hack off its claws and set it up high on a pole as a target for the Rhenish gunners. The Prussian eagle became for Heine the Prussian vulture that held him fast in its talons while it ate his heart out.

It is significant that Heine calls the Rhenish Sharpshooters to destroy the Prussian eagle. The Rhine provinces had never been in the full current of German life. The intellectual classes looked with ridicule and contempt on the ecclesiastical and feudal appanages of the Holy Roman Empire. The Jews had been freed by the Code Napoleon from the most humiliating mediaeval con-

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finement. The peasants had greatly benefited by the revolutionary land sales. All classes were ready to enjoy the obvious advantages of French rule, and to favor Napoleon's plans for the formation of a Confederation of the Rhine from which Prussia and Austria should be excluded. The Imperial Recess of 1803 gave Prussia twelve thousand square kilometres of new territory, but not the hearts of her five hundred thousand newly acquired subjects. Born at Düsseldorf, Heine was triply moved against Prussia, as the Rheinländer who resented Prussia's aggressive extension of her hegemony in the North, as the cosmopolitan who opposed the feudal obscurantism of the old Germany, as the Jew who hated the reactionary enemy of Napoleon who had brought to the Jews the new dispensation of his liberalizing and equalizing code.

Heine looked forward eagerly to the democratization of Germany, as of all Europe, to the freeing of the people from the bonds of hypocrisy in place of religion, tyranny in place of government, slavery in place of social restraint. He continually risked the punishment of censorship, litigation, confiscation, exile even for the privilege of freely expressing his free ideas. At the end of the chapters in *Deutschland* where he meets Barbarbossa, not dead through the centuries but holding ghostly court in the depths of the mountain Kyffhäuser, the poet, reviewing familiarly with the old King the sleeping soldiers with their steeds and ancient accoutrements, hearing the old man's atonishment at the lèse majesté of the treatment of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, suddenly forgets his own respect for majesty and breaks out with his deepest thoughts: "Sir Red Beard, you are an old fairy tale. Go to sleep. We shall free ourselves without you. The Republicans would laugh us to shame if they would see at our head such a ghost with sceptre and crown. The best thing for you would be to stay at home, here in the old Kyffhäuser. Now that I come to think the matter over carefully, we do not need any Kaiser." Thus Heine, in 1844, preparing for the great Revolution of 1848 that should shake the foundations of the thrones of Europe.

In *Atta Troll,* Heine's other great satirical cycle, which appeared in 1842, Heine attacks first, the moral-religious-Teutonic propaganda, the Tendenz-Poesie of the Suabian School, with its subordination of art to politics, second, the

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new theories of communism always dear to the people who see themselves benefiting by the equal distribution of private property, and third, the degrading standards of the daily newspapers which were lowering to the comprehension and taste of the people the noble aristocracies of thought and art. The Suabian School set for itself as an ideal the exaltation of the Fatherland. Its ridiculous motto, *"Frisch, from, fröhlich frei"* tickled Heine's sense of humor even while it excited his anger. Heine never failed to take advantage of the opportunity to poke fun at the *Deutsch-tümler,* who made a business of patriotism, to laugh at their Teutomania, their excision of Latin vocabulary, their scorn of Latin culture, so irritating to the cosmopolitan in Heine, their puffed up middle-class goodness, their monopoly of political and moral virtue, their boundless conceit, their absurd form, their praise of the unique and temperate virtues of Würtemberg, with its ideal in the cult of the *Turngemeinde.* Heine hated their politics; he hated the wolves and the donkeys who fluted songs of liberty, the patriotic ultra-nationalists of the Christian-Patriotic-New German School. Heine hated their politics but he laughed at their art. He never tired of ridiculing their iron larks and wooden lyres. He played maliciously with their cloudy thought, their empty metaphors, their bad Latin. As he himself says of Lessing, his polemics have kept many a poet from well-merited oblivion. Freiligrath would probably be utterly forgotten were it not for Heine's constantly recurring use of his unfortunate image of the princely Moor in battle array coming out of his shimmering white tent like the darkened moon out of the shimmering door of the clouds, an image that Heine slyly uses on every possible occasion, reaching the height of the ridiculous in the Twenty-sixth chapter of *Atta Troll,* when the princely Moor has become a negro who has acquired a fat, round belly which shows through his white shirt like the darkened moon appearing between the white clouds.

Tendenz behind everything German, the political-poetic, the political-religious, the political-sociological, the political-national satirized in *Atta Troll,* hateful to Heine as to Goethe and to all other great, liberal cosmopolitan souls who look beyond the narrow, national borders to the wide international fraternity, these leading to the Chris-

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tian-Germanic theory of state, would be as hateful to Heine were he living today—these causes and effects at once of the state of the German mind which culminated in the catastrophe of the world war and which the keenness of Heine's genius not only foresaw but spent and broke itself in attacking. The Kaiser and modern Germany would have had scant sympathy from the Hegelian Heine who believed in men become Gods through knowledge, of a God made self-conscious through men's knowledge of him, who would see in the haughty men of action but the unconscious servants of the men of thought. Heine living today would argue that it was highly sensible for a methodical people like the Germans to have had first their philosophy and then their war, realizing that the heads that had been useful for completing their philosophy could later be broken in battle, whereas the heads that were broken in battle would not be of much use later for philosophy. He would have launched the deadliest arrows of his unique and incomparable wit at that kultur-philosophy of hatred and exclusiveness and pride.

Heine's words written in the first half of the nineteenth century are true for us in the first half of the twentieth century because he alone among the crowd of parasites, court poets, opportunists, journalists serving only the daily need and the low standard of the daily papers saw the truth in Germany and had the courage and the boldness to speak the truth in the face of censorship and exile. He was indeed a voice crying in the wilderness, and the world that has come through five years of agony reads again with solemn interest and profound conviction the words that won for him in his own day perpetual exile from the Germany that he loved in spite of her faults. In the words of his own "Lost Sentry" Heine saw himself truly as the last sentry in the battle for freedom, who held out faithfully for thirty years, who fought without a hope of victory, who knew that he would never come safe back home, who whistled his impudent, mocking rhymes to wile away the lonesomeness of the solitary nights—the lonesomeness and the fear. Wakeful, his weapon in his arms, he watched for the approach of the enemy, wounding him often, as often wounded, falling at last and leaving his post vacant, falling unconquered, with unbroken weapons but with a broken heart.

BEULAH B. AMRAM.

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"E. A."—A MILESTONE FOR AMERICA

BY PERCY MACKAYE

THEY do it another way, there—over there in the leisured isles where the beauty of English was born. There the imagemakers of our speech are more than isolated singers, hermits of unfocussed populations, hurried out of knowledge of one another and their goal in common; there, rather, they are neighbors in a timeless community of craftsmanship, where masters and apprentices are nudgingly conversant with one another's work, its motives and methods—conversant to the keen point of conversation, roaring hot or cooled in reminiscence, not seldom sly or malicious, yet always spoken, as it were, by the family fireside, on the flickering verge of which the General Public takes seat in the circle as a sort of poor relation.

So it has been, over there, time out of mind.

Such like talk there was at the Mermaid, about which far-distant poor relations are still gossiping in print. So the pens of a Boswell and a Lamb converse, rather than write, of poets who, by that token, are still living personalities. So Yeats, writing in our day, conveys—as by a rhythmic speaking aloud—the depth and charm of his friend and countryman, "A. E."

No such intimate home-circle tradition exists for us in America, where the critic as neighbor and fellow-craftsman is overlorded by the critic as reporter and advertiser. Perhaps a million miles of metal wire somehow account for it. Perhaps, as our conversation has become largely telephonic, so our nutrition in literature grows accordingly Literary-Digestive, and our perspective of criticism takes its range from summits of the Weekly Supplements.

"And why have you come to our country?" asked the reporter of Cardinal Mercier at the dock. "I have come in hopes to know America better, especially of course the work of your sculptors and painters and poets."

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"Ah, my dear Sir!" exclaimed Blasco Ibañez to another astounded reporter, "ever since my arrival on your shores I have been searching everywhere for them!—Where are they?" "Where are *what,* Señor Ibañez?" "Why, your statues of Edgar Allan Poe. And that immortal house—I have waited all my life to enter its door!" "But what house, Señor?" "The little house where he lived and wrote *The Raven.*"

Another little house in the village of Head Tide, Maine; who, I wonder, has been searching lately for that? Who has been knocking at the door, on a night before the eve of this Christmas Eve, and asking: "Is it here he was born, fifty years ago?" "Here—was *who* born?" "Our poet, yours and mine—Edwin Arlington Robinson."

Fifty years! It's an honorable milestone you are passing now, "E. A.", on your footpath way to a gate of golden quiet. And in spite of a sad heart in some of your songs, it's merrily you may "hent the stile-al" now that you have blazed through old bogs a trail so firm and beautiful behind you, with so many spry fellows now trying to catch up and keep step with you on the high pastures.

Fifty years! If this page were a fireside on a frosty hill in New Hampshire, and you were wearing your red jacket in a warm corner there, I would daunt your quizzing smile and continue this "aside" in conversation; but it is not to be done that way, so I'm told, in a printed article; and this is an article about you and your birthday, "E. A.", but—besides that—it is about a milestone for America.

The reader, then, of this, who possibly may not know already the works of E. A. Robinson, I would refer first to those works themselves, in his published volumes: *The Children of the Night, Captain Craig, The Town Down the River, The Man Against the Sky, Merlin,* and to separate poems published in "The Lyric," "Contemporary Verse," "Poetry," and many other magazines.

To these should be added the brilliant study of the man and his work in Miss Amy Lowell's *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry,* wherein Miss Lowell has accomplished an unprecedented task of trail-blazing for our country to-day, revealing—through her own deft and eager powers—the fellow-craftsman as critic of six contemporaneous American poets and their meaning to our time. There, in the frontispiece, under a white, soft hat, one may look

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behind glasses in to the alert probity of E. A.'s eyes, and read there a quintessence of his works.

For myself, in this article, I cannot attempt to convey the gist of those works, nor critically to estimate their author's scope and standing. I am not able to do so adequately. During a brief hour of too busy days, I can merely pause in a little space of quiet to hail a fellow worker and old friend of many years at a half-century moment of high honor to himself, to suggest its high import to us, his countrymen.

And so at the beginning I have written those two Elusive Assonants—as one might begin a valentine with "Ever Admirable"—by which perhaps he is best endeared to those who know him best: "E. A."

For I think history will record that no mortal tongue ever tried to name him "Edwin," but whose tale left off abruptly—like the unfinished Mystery of Drood; nor ever, in his presence, uttered "Arlington," but was struck instantly dumb as the buried heroes of Bull Run; and so he is to the world simply "Robinson," to his friends—more Masonicly—"E. A.," and therefore ere long likewise to the World, who is fast becoming his friend.

In Ireland those letters, altered in sequence, are already endeared to the countrymen of "E. A.", their poet mystic, communal in his spirit; in America they bespeak another, our own poet, touched also deeply with mysticism, but as utterly and differently individual in his spirit as the inverted initials suggest, or as "E. A.'s" New England is distinct from "A. E.'s" Ireland. Yet in their common mysticism inheres a kind of love for their fellow men which links their initials by more than fancied coincidence—by the peculiar affection of their readers and disciples.

Half a century appears a tall sign post to those near the quarter mark; in "E. A.'s" case, the sign points backward to more than a quarter century of published work as a poet, and forward—by token of that work—to the assured regard of the centuries.

Probably no other American has been more continuously and solely the poet-craftsman than he; for the few years he spent in the New York Custom House, to which Roosevelt as President appointed him from an incongruous job in the Subway, or such other years as he has followed other transient means of livelihood in the city toward more

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tranquil latter-day seasons of creative work in the MacDowell woods at Peterborough, New Hampshire, these years have never swerved for an instant his dedicated patience to mature the art all his own, enlarging it steadily under the concentrated industry of vision.

Other American poets may have a longer record of sporadic achievement; none other has his distinctive continuity. Others have produced more abundance of good and bad; none other has reached his excelling ratio of good. Others may have blazed forth more patriotic or cosmopolitan; none other has ever gleamed more pure with the fine gold of America, nor revealed a soul more nakedly New England even when most universal in its vesture.

That New England, from which only New Englanders know how to rebel, that native mysticism renounced to which the renouncer deviously is drawn to return, that bone of bleak Maine, soul-sinew of New Hampshire, marrow of atavistic Massachusetts—those inbreedings of every artist born painfully from the stark Pilgrim Rock, are inescapably (say what he will himself) birthmarks of every image wrought by "E. A.'s" Muse; and they take on most in sorrow their distinctive beauty, in pain, contours of grandeur, even in madness, afterglows of a magic splendor, like that with which he describes his imagined Shakespeare in Ben Jonson's soliloquy:

> And if he live, there'll be a sunset spell
> Thrown over him as over a glassed lake
> That yesterday was all a black wild water.

Yet I would not suggest that these New England traits are confined only to the grim or grand in his mood; often they spring up as plain and homely as mullein or plantain in a dooryard; or tansy-fragrant with a whimsical humor, like the line of a sonnet he wrote to my little daughter, of whose "all-inquiring eyes" he queries:

> Am I a Boojum, or just—company?

And though all who know him know well his Maine-woods hark-back to a reclusive shyness, to a gait by his lonesome and a long stage-wait before joining a crowd as big as a baker's dozen, yet there is none can exhale his real self with more relish than "E. A." in a little group of his liking; and these latter days such groups have widened, since others I like also to recall, lang syne, when with Moody and Torrence we made four about a table for two, and Apollo stand-

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ing by for a fifth, with spagetti and cheese and Chianti from Seventh Avenue. And still in Cambridge, on a silver cup of Josephine Peabody Marks', that little group attests itself in the initials: W. V. M., R. T., E. A. R., P. M.

Among his works, nowhere is his pervasive New Englandism more redolent than in the poem "Isaac and Archibald," wherein he recalls his comradeship, as a boy of twelve, with two old Yankee farmers nearing their end. For a searching kindliness and sheer poetry of characterization, for a stealing sense of landscape lit with the year's sundown—reviving from my own childhood the country season of cider in cellared barrels, where in

> A fluted antique water-glass
> There was a cricket of the brown soft sort
> That feeds on darkness,

for an aroma of life which never palls in rereading, for me there is no poem more satisfying than this in the world:

> Never shall I forget, long as I live,
> The quaint thin crack in Archibald's old voice,
> The lonely twinkle in his little eyes,
> Or the way it made me feel to be with him.
> I know I lay and looked for a long time
> Down through the orchard and across the road.
> Across the river and the sun-scorched hills
> That ceased in a blue forest, where the world
> Ceased with it. Now and then my fancy caught
> A flying glimpse of a good life beyond—
> Something of ships and sunlight, streets and singing,
> Troy falling, and the ages coming back,
> And ages coming forward: Archibald
> And Isaac were good fellows in old clothes
> And Agamemnon was a friend of mine;
> Ulysses coming home again to shoot
> With bows and feathered arrows made another,
> And all was as it should be. I was young.

Since then, beyond that "blue forest where the world ceased," "E. A." has gone forth through the years to grapple with the "good life beyond," to play his own good part in "the ages coming back and the ages coming forward," till now the stature of his New England birthright is itself a measure of America and our time. At the "old clothes" of both he may often have tossed his clinging burrs of irony, but never at Agamemnon and Ulysses looming behind them; for, besides, as he says of old Isaac and Archibald in conclusion:

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I knew them and I may have laughed at them;
But there 's a laughter that has honor in it,
And I have no regret for light words now.
Rather I think sometimes they may have made
Their sport of me;—but they would not do that,
They were too old for that. They were old men,
And I may laugh at them because I knew them.

And so in America and our time he knows and reveals behind old clothes old wisdom of the ages, even while he flings his "Cassandra" shafts at their commercial hypocrisies and flamboyant patriotisms:

Your Dollar Dove and Eagle make
A Trinity that even you
Rate higher than you rate yourselves;
It pays, it flatters, and it's new.

And though your very flesh and blood
Be what your Eagle eats and drinks,
You'll praise him for the best of birds,
Not knowing what the Eagle thinks.

The power is yours, but not the sight;
You see not upon what you tread;
You have the ages for your guide,
But not the wisdom to be led.

Is not here, then, a portent for our time—a milestone for America?

When millions are blind to the forecasts of old Troy falling newly in their midst, shall not some of us who have long known among us a poet of probity, a seer of quiet perspective over art and time, an artist who paints the forum without mounting it, a dreamer who leavens the crowd but shuns it, shall not we—without dragging him to a front window to withstand our plaudits—still hail him on his anniversary for what he is:

"E. A."—an American of reality, who has wrought an untainted vision with unfaltering patience; a leader who, without touching the ship's wheel, has guided pilots darkling; a lover of his fellows who, unseeking, has been sought by them for ungrudged bread of kindness; a maker of viewless images, who more than any other American poet living has aided to build anew the speech of Milton and Emerson as a tower of light to the commonwealth; a cloistral publican and ballad-singer who, moving unadvertised among dumb crowds, has still drawn to his clear mur-

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mured visions such a young-hearted band of fellow-creators as shall soon make all Americans proudly aware how they are living in an era when a new Acropolis is rising out of the wreckage of late fearful years—not over there in the old world, but here in our own.

And so for us Americans the token of this fiftieth birthday of "E. A." is more than a milestone for his individual progress: "E. A." himself is a milestone for America.

PERCY MACKAYE.

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MUSIC OF THE MONTH

DAWNS AND SUNSETS

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

"THERE are so many dawns that have not yet risen," observes Mr. D. H. Lawrence in that superb apotheosis of sex, *The Rainbow*. Alas, there are so many dawns that, having risen, are seen to be merely our vacuous but privileged friend, the full moon. Modern music is especially prolific of false dawns—though we are in sharp disagreement with those who like to say that there is little else in the creative music of our day. That is, of course, absurdly untrue. The two decades that have produced Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande,* the *Heldenleben* and *Elektra* of Richard Strauss, the B flat Symphony of d'Indy, the *Pagan Poem* of Loeffler, the Fourth Symphony of Sibelius, the "Keltic" Sonata of MacDowell, the *Petrouchka* of Stravinsky, the music that Schönberg wrote before he lost his soul—this period, vivid and intimate to our contemporary experience, is among the greatest in music. For *Pelléas* may be paired with *Tristan*—is now, in fact, so paired by those who best know these two transcendent masterworks. *Pelléas* is the crowning glory of post-Wagnerian music, and everything of excellence that has followed it, or been current with it, must be ranked below it in varying degree. But a period that has produced, in addition to Debussy, the greater Strauss, the greater d'Indy, Loeffler, Sibelius, Stravinsky, Schönberg, MacDowell—the MacDowell of the Sonatas—may hold up its head and expand its chest in the presence of any other twenty years in the history of musical art.

Yet we have said that modern music is prolific of false dawns. The truth is, more accurately, that there have been too many authentic and splendid ones in this century. We have become too complacently habituated to them, expecting every promising golden streak to expand into plenary

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fulfilment. The generation that has witnessed the accomplishment of miracles like *Pelléas et Mélisande* and *Heldenleben* has become over-casual in its expectations. The measureless potentialities of modern music, which can orchestrate the common chord of C major with a magical strangeness that would have transported the imagination of Beethoven—that offers, even to the tyro, resources wherewith he can extemporize an enchanted tonal paradise, so that, like St. Martin, we can see flowers that sound and hear notes that shine: this modern wonderland may be too easily entered. A marvelous engine of eloquence is our perfected art of music—but a dangerous and deceptive one to play with; for it leads the uninspired to fancy that they may dispense with the gift of eloquent speech, and to offer us gleaming golden rhetoric instead.

Take, for example, that new score which the brilliant and persuasive Mr. Stokowski and the admirable Philadelphia Orchestra played for us not long ago: *The Haunted Castle,* by the fabulous "Michel Dvorsky." Now, whether the mysterious "Dvorsky" is, as rumored, actually Mr. Josef Hofmann, the super-pianist, or whether he is, as alleged, a Franco-Polish invalid who lives in Spain and, strangely enough, chooses American verses to set to music, we know not and care not. The matter of legitimate interest at the moment is *The Haunted Castle,* whether it was written by Mr. Hofmann, Monsieur Dvorsky, or Mayor Hylan.

Whoever wrote it possesses that dangerous and delusive faculty of sophisticated and winning musical speech, whereby platitudes may be made to sound almost like profundities, and trivialities almost like pearl-strewn felicities. *Almost,* we said: for God may not always be mocked, and the fire from the sacred altar cannot always be simulated even by the most elaborate and deceptive of gas-logs.

Consider Monsieur Dvorsky's case. His tone-poem deals with lonely legendary castles. . . . Norns spinning the thin thread of Fate . . . shrieks that "rend the night." . . . It deals with poetry like this:

> . . . Dark shadows creep along:
> Unearthly creatures gambol in the wind
> At ghostly play about the castle walls,
> Teasing each other, chasing through the night
> Until the play grows angry; and they rush

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On one another grappling savagely.
With swift contemptuous feet and deadly hands
A thousand demons leap into the air
Rushing upon the forms of evil darkness,
A maddened turmoil through the stormy night!
While hungry flames break from the lofty towers
And the great castle totters, crumbles, falls,
A proud and broken ruin! And the storm
Subsides and all the demons fade away. . . .

Now of course first-class verse is not necessary to first-class music. The "poetry" that constitutes the literary framework of Isolde's Liebestod is, for the most part, mystically inflated flub-dub; while the music to which Wagner set it is, in some respects, the greatest in the world. It would be cheap criticism to observe smartly at this point that Monsieur Dvorsky is no Wagner. No one expects him to be. But one wishes, first, that in his excursions among American poets he had picked a different one; or, if his heart was set on J. L. McLane, that he had seen his way to make us forget the verse by the transfiguring quality of his music. But Monsieur Dvorsky is akin to many of his contemporaries in this: he knows all the tricks of his trade, yet they get him nowhere. Speaking with a rude brevity made necessary by the current scarcity of paper and ink, he is, musically considered, a stuffed shirt. His washwoman is an exquisite artist, his dinner coat fits divinely, he knows how to tie a cravat. But behind all this gleaming efficiency there is only the lifelessness of straw—with this difference: Straw can burn.

Now consider the case of Vincent d'Indy. Can genius be turned on and off like a tap, asked a distinguished critic on a certain occasion? The answer seems to be Yes. The thing happened to Strauss and to Debussy, for one reason or another: an extraordinary genius became suddenly a garrulous mediocrity. It has now happened, apparently, to d'Indy. The d'Indy of *Istar,* of the profound and subtle B flat Symphony, has turned into the d'Indy exhibited to us not long ago by Mr. Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra: the d'Indy of the *Sinfonia Brevis de Bello Gallico,* No. 3, Op. 70.

According to Mr. Damrosch (who writes his own programme notes), this symphony contains "wonderful and moving beauties." Obviously, of course, it is a product of

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the late war. The first movement "proclaims the happy peace brooding over the land . . . rudely interrupted by the menace of war." The second movement displays "the spirit of the *poilu* that makes light of difficulties, and laughs even at death." The third offers "a vision of sunny France, of its beautiful hills, valleys and silvery streams"; later, the Invader is depicted in a most unflattering guise, and the conflict is on. The final movement is a battle scene, ending, of course, in victory and in songs of praise.

Early in the war we raised in these pages the question whether war had ever produced great music. D'Indy's new symphony has done nothing to dispel our conviction that it has not. Mr. Damrosch is a musician of delightful and versatile capacities, but, as a critic, he is far too "easy." We wonder that he does not perceive the tragic bankruptcy of ideas that marks this symphony of d'Indy's. It is worse than empty—it is banal. There is an infinite depth of feeling beneath; that is indisputable. But this emotional sincerity and depth has not succeeded in getting itself expressed in the music. Something happened—something suffocating and lethal—between the time when d'Indy felt all this, and the time his musical ideas were ready to be set down in his score. He has not succeeded in projecting his tenderness and love, his agony and hate and exaltation. His war baby has been born dead.

This is one of the spiritual tragedies of the war. For d'Indy was once a music-maker of thrilling eloquence and power. He is now only another vanished poet to be mourned—though the master craftsman still lives and functions.

Mr. Stransky and the Philharmonic have also given us a piece of war music, by a young American composer, Bernard Rogers of New York. *To the Fallen,* a "dirge" for orchestra, it is called. A brief and modest piece of tone-painting, this elegy has some measure of poignancy; and it has a grave simplicity of gesture and a validity of emotion that one must respect. Its restraint, however, is a little over-rigid, as it seemed to us. And we wish Mr. Rogers had chosen a less tremendous theme.

Another novelty conveyed to us by Mr. Stransky and the great orchestra which he commands was a nature-piece by the Bohemian Novak, *In the Tatra Mountains*—storm-music, mountain-music, music of crags and summits, thun-

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ders and sunsets, that made us think regretfully of *Rheingold* and of certain gorgeous pages in the *Alpine Symphony* of Strauss. Yet Novak can summon and sustain a mood of Nature. He is not without evocative power.

Later we shall speak of Mr. Stransky's most welcome revival of a dead master—Anton Bruckner, to whom, also, Mr. Bodanzky and the New Symphony Orchestra are soon to pay tribute: for Bruckner needs an article to himself.

Mr. Bodanzky, so far, has done nothing finer with his newly established orchestra than his magnificent, his thrice-memorable performance of Charles Martin Loeffler's *Pagan Poem*. That extraordinary score, being a valid masterwork, has long been unpopular. New York concert-goers had not heard it for six years. It must have seemed, to many younger music-lovers, almost a novelty. Mr. Bodanzky, indeed, made it seem veritably a new thing—a thing of incandescent passion, of rapturous beauty, of overwhelming power and intensity. Its images of grief and passion, its dionysian ecstasy, all its rich significances of mood and utterance, were projected with a communicative vividness that made this representation an unforgettable thing in the minds of those who have long wondered why so great a masterpiece must needs be so much obscured by Bœotian predilections. Even Mr. Bodanzky, who is anything but Bœotian—who is, indeed, a musician of incorruptible taste and a conductor of genius—saw fit to follow it up by exhuming at his next concert that moth-eaten horsehair sofa of our musical past, Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* Overture. But much may be forgiven any one who can, like Mr. Bodanzky, move so easily, with the free-masonry of clairvoyant poetic imagination, from Loeffler to Schubert, from Ernest Bloch to Schumann—who can make Brahms as exciting as a three-alarm fire.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

FRANKO-AMERICAN[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

IF you happen to be one of that relatively small and disproportionately pestiferous class to whom new books are sent without bills, you will receive with your copy of *Our America* a photograph of a young man who looks like a gentler Maxim Gorky. The face is partly Mongolian, partly Slavic, with romantic hair. The mustache is virginal; the brow moderately high; the chin a little reluctant. Collar and cravat are lost in the mystical haze cast by the contemplative bend of the head—perhaps they are nonexistent; although one suspects some sort of scarf-pin gleaming shyly in that anonymous zone between the waistcoat and the chin.

These are the countenance and cravat of Mr. Waldo Frank, who was chosen by France, we are told, to interpret America to her late Ally. It seems that, during the War, certain Frenchmen became dissatisfied with the information about America that they got through official channels. These men, it appears, discovered a whole world in America which, "since it was barely articulate at home, was undreamed of in France. They thought it might be well to let America have voice in Paris." In this way, says Mr. Frank in his *Foreword,* "it came about that I was asked to write the book. Not because I was an authority: or that my message would be hailed by the Offices and Universities of the two nations. Merely, because it seemed reasonable to these cultural envoys to spice the mass of American conformist utterance abroad with a statement that could not even remotely be suspected of an official stamp." The purpose of these French envoys, apparently,

[1] *Our America,* by Waldo Frank. New York: Boni & Liveright, 1919.

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was to discover Young America, "to create channels between it and their own France."

Who were these envoys? One was Gaston Gallimard, Director of the Publishing House of the *Nouvelle Revue Française;* another was Jacques Copeau, formerly Director of the magazine of the *Nouvelle Revue Française,* and head of its associated *Théâtre du Vieux Colombier.*

Mr. Frank confesses that when he was chosen for the high task of interpreting America to France, he was embarrassed—not, as you might absurdly suppose, because of the size of his subject, but because of the impressive character of certain admirable Frenchmen whom he would have to address. "If I looked up continuously from my page into the distant eye of André Gide, the chances were I should tear my page to bits." The embarrassment of looking into the nearby eye of America as she lay strapped to the operating-table under his flashing scalpel seems not to have entered into Mr. Frank's experience. But perhaps America had her eyes closed. At all events, it was André Gide, not the helpless Columbia, who disconcerted Mr. Frank. And yet Mr. Frank by no means ignored America. He may not have looked into her eyes, but he was going to talk to her. I could "write a passable book for France about my country," he says, "only if I wrote it to my country." Later, one perceives the reason for Mr. Frank's spokesmanship: "America is a turmoiled giant who cannot speak. The giant's eyes wander about the clouds: his feet are sunk in the quicksands of racial and material passion. One hand grasps the mountains, and the other falls bruised and limp upon the lowlands of the world. His need is great, and what moves across his eyes is universal. But his tongue is tied." One must concede that this is an uncomfortable posture, especially if there is no possibility of calling for help. But the giant has no cause for concern. Mr. Frank has elected to be his voice.

It is possible that some Americans may timidly ask, at this point, who Mr. Frank is and why he should have been chosen to speak for America—to interpret her to the awesome M. Gide, to the friends of M. Copeau,—who ought himself to be able to tell his compatriots something about America after his recent and not entirely happy experience among us with his *Vieux Colombier,* transplanted for a time to West Thirty-fifth Street. Perhaps M. Copeau

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meditated a subtle reprisal upon America, and so picked Mr. Frank to tell the Truth about us. But who (you repeat) is Mr. Waldo Frank? That, we conceive, is an impertinent, a wholly irrelevant question. The point is, what does he say about us to France? That question, entirely legitimate and germane, is easily answered. The epithet for Mr. Frank's report is "magnificent." We know that this is a correct and carefully weighed epithet because his publisher uses it. And why should a publisher say on the wrapper of a book that the book is magnificent if it is not? The thought is inconceivable. The book is magnificent.

Well, that's over—as the persecuted lady used to say in the Broadway Sex Drama after she had killed the Gentleman Friend who was her Mandatory. But after its magnificence has been established, it still remains to be noted what Mr. Frank has been saying about us to France. Let us, with excusable trepidation, listen in.

What, for example, does Mr. Frank think of Lincoln? Well, Lincoln gets by. He was "a great man." Let M. André Gide, M. Copeau, and the *Nouvelle Revue Française* bend an ear. Yet America, it appears, has not yet realized why she loves Lincoln—"is not mature enough to know what is the nature of her wealth in Lincoln." But Mr. Frank knows, even if America does not, and he divulges a portion of the truth. It concerns "our capitalistic and legal oligarchies." These parties (as Mark Twain might have referred to them) revere Lincoln because "*he saved their Church*" [the italics are Mr. Frank's]. There you have it, France, at last. One cannot keep these sinister truths forever under their sheltering B. V. Ds. We now perceive why it is that Mr. Jacob H. Schiff and Mr. Samuel Untermyer, who worship the same God as Mr. Frank, revere the name of Abraham.

What of Emerson? Emerson—"the good Ralph Waldo Emerson"—was a very pretty fellow in his day. Emerson "had considerable mental power"—not, of course, of a kind which one could endorse in the sight of M. André Gide's terrifying eye, but enough to secure him honorable mention.

Henry James had width but no depth. This seems slightly puzzling until you study carefully Mr. Frank's clarifying elaboration. Henry James (a "genteel

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writer") was "a strange sort of monster—to my prejudiced eye—with vast peripheral development and no depths. A sort of inverted octopus." An octopus—a shallow octopus. A telling literary simile occurs to us: "As shallow as *The Wings of the Dove.*" We thank thee, Mr. Frank, for that subtlety.

Leaving these deciduous Lilliputians, one comes bump up against Miss Amy Lowell, who bestrides three pages of Mr. Frank's book as Our America's "first true man of letters." It is a graceful compliment; and there are many others for Miss Lowell. It is no small thing to win the approbation of Mr. Frank. What Emerson and Henry James failed at, Miss Lowell has triumphantly put across—though it should perhaps be noted that Mr. Frank exhibits a deplorable lack of respect for Miss Lowell's well-known family. For James Russell Lowell was "the greatest of our intellectual snobs," and Abbott Lawrence Lowell has exhibited the bad taste to hold the Presidency of Harvard. Miss Amy, though, is a free soul—free and militant, singing (perhaps a little tactlessly) "Onward Christian Soldiers!" in the leadership of Our America. Though we must say that we had not suspected Miss Amy of the violently fratricidal act of liberation for which she is praised by Mr. Frank—for, says he, "quite literally, she has trained her guns against her brothers." It seems a bit heartless, even for Brookline.

Coming to New York (inhabited, on the whole, by beings a little lower than "the undegraded brute"; where the women go to the movies because they have "no time to love," and so "seek the stir of a remembered longing in some canned romance")—coming to this abode of earthworms, Mr. Frank looks about for "the leader and the critic." He finds that "there is one place and one man in whom the creative meanings of these words meet, as not elsewhere, in the city." The man is Mr. Alfred Stieglitz. In order that there may be no mistake, Mr. Frank gives Mr. Stieglitz's address, which we gladly reproduce for the benefit of all inquirers after New York's unique "leader and critic": it is 291 Fifth Avenue. The bus passes the door. There are other leaders and critics in New York, and some of them are O. K.'d by Mr. Frank. Others are treated with singular unkindness. It will astonish Mr. James Gibbons Huneker, for example, to learn that he is, "in a way, a

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tragedy." Mr. Huneker suffers from " natural callowness ". But since his " day is over," we need not waste our pity on him. Let him melt up the plates of his *Chopin,* his *Mezzotints in Modern Music,* his *Iconoclasts,* retire from the world, and pass the rest of his days on a sunny bench in Prospect Park. He has been superseded.

Our America is inexhaustible. It is as richly rewarding as one might suppose from our too brief citations. We do not wish, however, to convey the impression that Mr. Frank is altogether humorless without at the same time remarking that he is aware of large areas of the American scene that are badly in need of replanting. American Puritanism, American thinness and superficiality, American timidity, American sentimentality—these unlovely growths are justly deplored. But it is unlikely that France was wholly uninformed of their existence before she invited Mr. Frank to act as eyes and ears for her. There is much that is winning about Mr. Frank. He is honest, he has the gift of indignation. If he is also too trustful, too continuously naïve, it can't be helped, as Mr. Salteena observed about his not being quite a gentleman. We must take our interpreters as they are given to us.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

LET US HAVE PEACE, and Other Addresses. By Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance Company. New York: published by the Company.

Mr. Kingsley reveals a large and true conception of the problem of which he mainly treats in his newly published volume of collected addresses, when he calls the sphere of international relations a "lawless overworld, of which every sovereignty and every citizen of that sovereignty is a part." "This overworld," he continues, "is as certainly every man's country as the ether is the enveloping element of the solar system." The thought has seldom been better put, or the problem more suggestively formulated. What task could give greater inspiration, what glorious attempt could seem more certain of success, than the extension of that civilization which we undoubtedly possess as nations into the larger region of world politics?

There would seem to be but one serious obstacle. *"Unconditioned sovereignty,"* declares the author, *"was the fundamental error of civilization."* Only do away with that, by the obvious method—federation—and all will be well.

That there is ultimate truth in this large and simple view of things, who that is sane and hopeful can doubt? Nationality, especially in its unconditioned form, is certainly not the alpha and omega of civilization; its gradual decline, its merging with a sentiment of world-patriotism, has been cautiously prophesied by so conservative an authority as J. Holland Rose. To Mr. Kingsley, however, unconditioned sovereignty seems merely an anomaly, an illogical survival from the dark ages, a mistaken doctrine on which our civilization was somehow arbitrarily *founded,* rather than one of the forms that it has assumed in the course of its evolution. As intelligent, civilized beings, he seems to urge, let us lose no time in correcting the original error. All of which may be quite convincing if we agree to regard the doctrine of unlimited sovereignty as the cause, instead of, what it actually was, a necessary antecedent condition of the war.

Mr. Kingsley is, happily, no pacifist: on the contrary he urges national preparedness as a prime duty. Nor is he a League of Nations Utopian. Yet his mode of reasoning occasionally suggests the logic employed by the idealists of both these schools. In high-minded disgust at what seems to him an obsolete and hateful doctrine, a doctrine as contrary to civilized ethics as it is at variance with the principles of

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life insurance—that practical application of human brotherhood—he seems inclined sometimes to place the emphasis on the wrong point—to stress civilization's mistake, rather than Germany's evil will as the *causa causans* of the war.

Thus, adopting the point of view of G. Lowes Dickenson and others, Mr. Kingsley writes: "Morally Germany may have been wrong, because preparation meant war; morally other nations were about equally wrong and in addition they were illogical, because while they flinched from the brutality of the German's logic, they did little to answer it—they made only pitiful attempts to sweep lawlessness out of international affairs. Asserting after a fashion the brotherhood of man, they did nothing effective or serious, looking to its establishment. The German in effect boldly denied the brotherhood of man, asserted the superiority of his own civilization and planned to impose that civilization on the whole world. The German may have been wrong; but he stood up to his logic." It seems unfortunate that a thoroughly patriotic citizen should feel constrained, in his honest zeal for peace, to write what sounds in part so much like the native German apologetics.

It may be plausibly maintained, on the contrary, that the nations, in 1914, were on the whole developing in the direction of peace, and that, but for Germany's deliberate crime, they might have continued to approach realization of Mazzini's conception of nationality—a nationality intense in its love of independence, but broadly human, if not altruistic.

Just how, again, are we to interpret such ringing words as these: "Human life is worth more than all the Republics, Kaisers, Kings, and Czars." Unquestionably, there is here intended no hint that a republic may not be under certain circumstances worth dying for; but the eloquent pronouncement, like those of certain well-intentioned pacifists, seems to blur a fundamental truth for the sake of a forceful generalization.

As for Mr. Kingsley's panacea for international ills—federation—no one would be justified in calling it a mere nostrum. In spite of disillusionment over the work of the Peace Conference, Tennyson's well-worn lines about the parliament of man still read, to most persons, as authentic prophesy. But it is proper to call attention to the fact that Mr. Kingsley's advocacy of world federation rests heavily on the incomplete analogy between the American colonies as they were in 1789 and the nations of the world as they are in 1919. Analogy is often suggestive; it may afford a clue to the right solution of a problem; but it is of all forms of argument the least convincing. On the strength, largely, of analogy, one is hardly prepared to admit that the way to become truly democratic is to join in forming "a Federation (not Confederation)" of the Anglo-Saxon world, which would "almost certainly come to include—perhaps before its completion—France, Holland, Switzerland, probably the Scandinavian Countries and Spain, and possibly some of the Republics of South America." One does not know what to think of a world state made up of elements so diverse and so scattered. Japan, one is inclined to suggest, might as well be included, while we are about it! Moreover, the dangers inherent in

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such an arrangement, and in the approaches to it through alliances, are passed over by Mr. Kingsley with scant notice. To believe that the world can be made peaceful and democratic by a huge federation requires almost more faith than to believe that men have now become so convinced of the wickedness of war that they will never again—federation or no federation, league or no league—precipitate another Armageddon.

Progress, as a matter of fact, is usually the outcome of a slow and half-conscious process, as the whole history of English democracy goes to show. It is seldom much helped by attempts at immediate and comprehensive solutions of all existing difficulties. But the hasteners of evolution will not have it so!

Is Mr. Kingsley, after all, one of these, or is he merely a philosopher? On the whole he seems to side with the anticipators of the millennium: he seems to intend his theory of alliances as an immediate and practical programme. It is important, however, to make a clear distinction between the persons who urge that if the world generally could but see as few thinkers of superior enlightenment see, federation, or some other scheme, would certainly work, and those who urge that, the advantages of the preferred plan being self-evident, or nearly so, the world must necessarily adopt it as soon as a strong initiative is taken in some quarter. The former merely exhort; the latter propose action. The former, while they help mankind by clarifying and strengthening its hopes, sometimes arouse impatience as being rather futile; the latter are not infrequently overconfident. Quite unlike either, is the statesman who divines the next step that truly ought to be taken along the road of progress.

LAW AND THE FAMILY. By Robert Grant, Judge of the Probate Court, Boston. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

To be something of a philosopher would seem to be almost necessary for a complete Probate Judge. Judge Grant is a philosopher in more senses than one. Not only is he able to see with a certain steadiness and wholesomeness the not unimportant phases of life that are specially exposed to his view, but he has a considerable endowment of that unostentatious humor which combines readily with a nice valuation of factors in human conduct and an unillusioned but charitable view of human nature. Judge Grant is never wholly serious except when he is talking about really menacing abuses, and he is not depressing even then.

A book about the kind of law that touches most of us most nearly, a book written by one who is not only an expert in that kind of law, but an accomplished essayist,* ought to be worth reading; and in Judge Grant's *Law and the Family* one is not disappointed. From the somewhat Hudibrastic verses that form the foreword of the volume to the serious question propounded at the end of the last chapter—a ques-

*Robert Grant has written *The Convictions of a Grandfather, The Chippendales, The Undercurrent, The Art of Living, The Reflections of a Married Man,* and other stories and essays.

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tion regarding the portentous growth in the divorce rate—the whole discourse is as engrossing as it is instructive.

That Judge Grant has, first and last, a great deal to say about women does not, of course, lessen the interest of his volume. It is a pleasure to remark that he really has something of value to say about them. Naturally, so wise a man would keep clear of the pitfall of generalization about the sex; yet the author does not hesitate to say, for example, that trusteeship is an employment for which woman is better adapted than for some others to which she aspires, and that "her chief stumbling block would seem to be that she has made a bogy of property." These words are well weighed, and should have influence. Venturing a little further on to theoretical ground—but with proper judicial caution—Judge Grant makes a general suggestion which would (perhaps) if adopted, relieve the Probate Judge of much vexation and prove of advantage to humanity in general. "It may be," says the author, "that women are honester than men. Let us stifle a lingering doubt whether they have the same amount of brains, and declare that there is no reason except inexperience why they should not manage their own affairs and those of others to a greater extent than they do. They would be very pleasant to deal with; yet sex would be no protection against loss of dollars by poor judgment." The subtle two-sidedness of this passage—a quality by no means to be confused either with irony or with the heresy of "Mr. Facing Bothways"—is characteristic.

The idiosyncrasies of will-makers and the passion of many men for tying up property so as to prevent indiscretions on the part of heirs, give occasion for some stories almost as remarkable as those venerable tales contained in *Famous Cases of Circumstantial Evidence,* and more informing by much. It is in connection with the latter subject that the author brings forward what is, perhaps, the soldest piece of wisdom in his whole book. "After all," he says, "in the final analysis, the practice of tying up property for the lives of the next generation is based on implicit distrust of human nature, especially one's own flesh and blood, and an absence of humor, which prevents perception that if the objects of one's bounty are not fit to have riches, the sooner it leaves their hands and gets into some one else's, the better for society. . . . No one could reasonably quarrel with a discretion that would postpone complete ownership in most cases to the age of twenty-five or thirty, a period at which the second generation is apt to show signs of steadying down, rather than relinquish it at the bare limit of twenty-one. As for disinclination to care for property, it is not feasible to build on this, because of the host of agents, attorneys, men of affairs—call them what you will—waiting with their mouths open for just such choice morsels. The fallacy lies in the failure to distinguish that under the tying-up system the beneficiary has no power of selection and no option as to whether he or she wishes to take charge of the inheritance or not. An agent picked by the absolute owner of the property is to all intents as responsible as a trustee named by a testator, with the advantage that there is a string attached to the employment, which can be twitched if the association prove unsatisfactory." The first part of this opinion seems as wise as

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Lord Chesterfield's offer to his son: "If you will do exactly as I direct until you are eighteen, I will do whatever you wish from that time onward." The second part finds striking confirmation in experience.

To most persons Judge Grant's book will prove highly interesting. For those elderly enough in age or temperament to appreciate the mellow wisdom that is consistent with not being too sure, its appeal will be strong. It offers not, indeed, detailed advice, but a rarer commodity—unpretentious counsel.

PICTURES OF THE FLOATING WORLD. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"In the Japanese 'Lacquer Prints,'" writes Miss Lowell in her foreword, "the *hokku* pattern has been more closely followed than any corresponding Chinese form in the 'Chinoiseries'; but even here I have made no attempt to observe the syllabic rules which are an integral part of all Japanese poetry. I have endeavored only to keep the brevity and suggestion of the *hokku*, and to preserve it within its natural sphere." In this attempt, Miss Lowell has admirably succeeded. Her adaptations are as charming as are the best examples of the originals in translation. Here are two lines "to a husband":

> Brighter than fireflies upon the Uji River
> Are your words in the dark, Beloved.

Is it possible to get more of genuine passion, without excess into fourteen words? Says a lover:

> If I could catch the green lantern of the firefly,
> I could see to write you a letter.

The tender playfulness of love has hardly been better expressed by any other poet, Japanese or English. The sentiment of the following lines—a sentiment, by the way, of incalculable antiquity—has, perhaps, never before found utterance in words so simple and good:

> Because the moonlight deceives,
> Therefore I love it.

All these verses are satisfying and treasureable: one does not want to forget them. Why is it, one wonders, that one so promptly and instinctively does forget a great deal of what Miss Lowell writes? Consulting one's conscience, one finds that this effect is apparently not due either to ill-nature or to apathy.

Can it be that an explanation is to be found in the fact that the Japanese verses are confined more or less within a traditional form—a form that for some reason none too well understood has given satisfaction to a considerable number of people for a moderately long period of time? At any rate, it is a comforting reflection to those who like the Japanese adaptations but do not like other forms of *vers libre*

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that their taste, in at least one instance, appears not to be hopelessly vitiated by addiction either to jingle or to metrical arithmetic.

The truth is that one's distaste for free verse, if one doesn't happen to like it, may go much deeper than questions of form. One would like to know why almost all verse of this kind is unsatisfying to certain minds. One would like to know why Matthew Arnold's *The Strayed Reveller*—which probably cannot be scanned—does not impress one as *vers libre;* and why one feels that some of our modern poets who take the trouble to write in the sonnet or some other restricted form might as well write polyphonic prose.

In taking Miss Lowell's latest volume as a basis for the examination of this question, one has, of course, no intention of disparaging it; one intends, on the contrary, to pay it a high compliment. If the sort of thing that Miss Lowell has done is what she and her school are aiming to do, then she has succeeded to admiration; she is unrivaled. If she is trying to conquer men's minds and hearts, as Shakespeare and Wordsworth conquered them, the verdict must be different. She has written, however, lines that any poet might envy. Some of these are in the present volume. If one passes over them, it is because of a conviction that in any intelligent criticism, the general must take precedence of the particular; the question of human values over the question of technique.

Without any intention, then, simply to find fault, with full recognition of the fact that almost every poem necessarily contains inferior lines, and of the supplementary truth that a bad line may be vastly better when it is " free " than when it is tortured into meter—one would like to call attention to the prevalence in parts of Miss Lowell's work of lines approaching commonplace preciousness and of lines expressing a rather easily attained eccentricity; and then to ask how it is that so sensitive an artist can feel that such lines are worthy of inclusion in her poems along with others which, as has been said, win instant admiration from almost any reader, irrespective of his previous condition of servitude to classic masters.

If, for example, the poem *Coq D'or* were written in prose, one would be surprised, perhaps, but not astounded, if one were presented with proofs that it had been written by an uncommonly bright schoolgirl in a class in rhetoric. Certainly, one is not especially grateful for such lines as:

> Silhouetting chimneys with their queer, round pots,
> My feet upon the pavement made a knock—knock—
> knock.

or for such phrases as " the city with its upthrust spires," or " all tipped with gold and shining in the brisk blue air."

By way of contrast, one may direct attention to Miss Lowell's magic line descriptive of wheat in the ear: " Spear-tongue of white ceremonial fire "—a line that seems to have come from the true subconsciousness, and not merely from transitory mood or impression, a line fit to be the soul and the inspiration of a whole poem.

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Miss Lowell's poems, however, require to be judged as wholes. Obviously it is the effect of the whole that is prized; each touch, whether of genius or of childish observation (like the line about the chimney pots) is of value because it contributes to the total impression. But what determines the final effect? Nothing, it would seem, save the original impression itself. But impressions are limitless, kaleidoscopic, each unique, and one hardly more precious than another. For every different collocation of circumstances and things one may have a different emotional impression. But the uniqueness of these states of mind is not, after all, the same thing as originality.

The final criticism of Miss Lowell's poetry from this point of view would seem to be that it is the product of mood or impression, more or less transitory, demanding and obtaining attention because of its subjective uniqueness, but unsatisfying because in large part as purely personal in essence as a hypochondriac's accounts of his symptoms. Not that Miss Lowell's verses are in the least morbid! Only, unless one abstracts entirely from human values, and looks at them from the standpoint of technique alone, it is hard to discover the value of some of them. For that matter, are not some hypochondriacs artists in this same difficult art of telling just how they feel?

When all is said, no wise person wants to lay down rules for the control of the artistic impulse. But it may be suggested that in great poetry there exists a control, originating in the sub-consciousness of persons of genius, perhaps in racial memories; so that what seems vagary has its own law, instinctively recognized by the reader. Such control one feels the presence of only occasionally in the work of those who cultivate *vers libre*.

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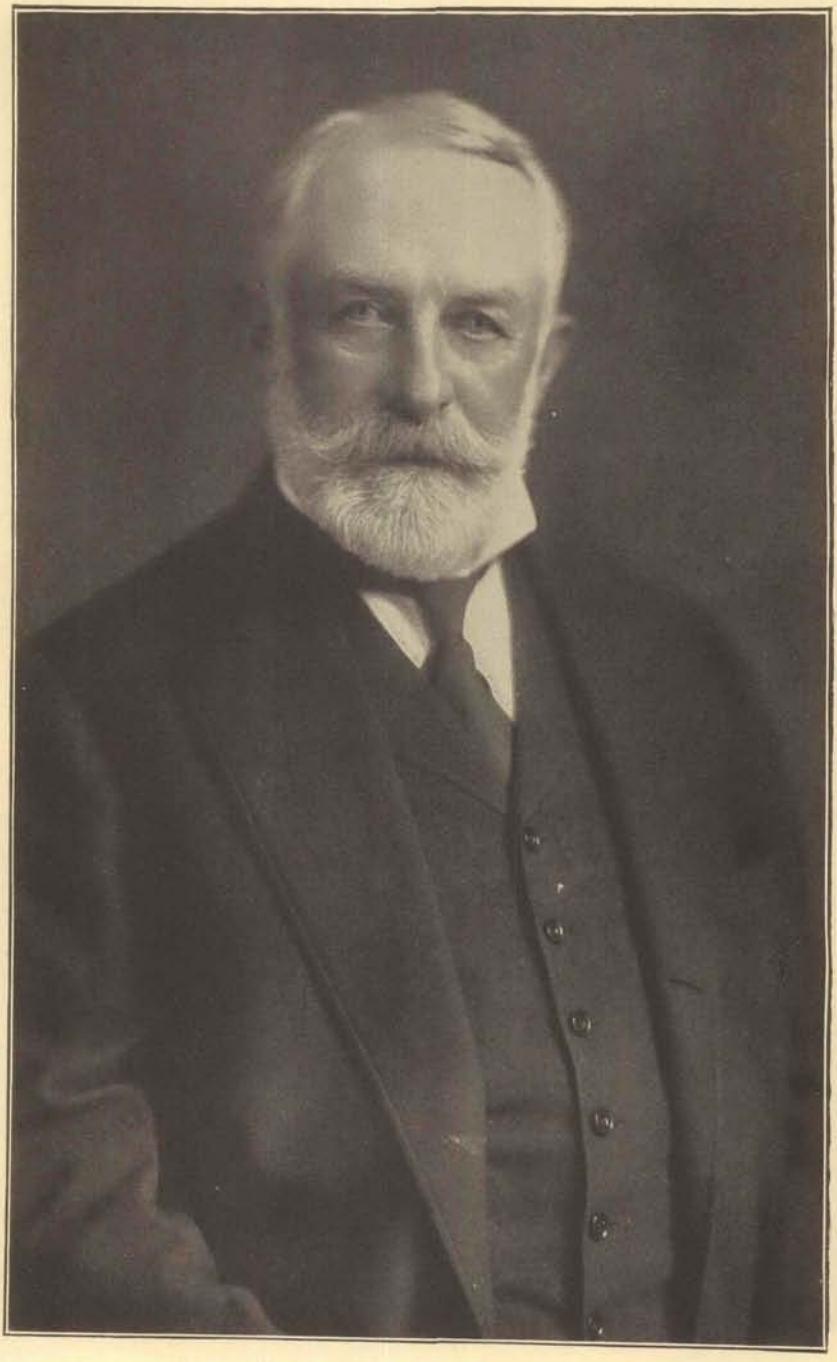

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